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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. **Y**ESTERDAY week HER MAJESTY made a batch of knights at Windsor; but little or nothing of the strictly political kind happened.

The event of this day week was the conferring on Mr. GLADSTONE of the freedom of Liverpool, which was done with general consent and approval, and produced an agreeable and decent spectacle. Mr. GLADSTONE, like a sensible man, energetically demanded "a quill" for the purpose of signing the burgess-roll, and then talked very pleasantly, and with an avoidance of all contentious subjects even by innuendo, which could not have been more scrupulous, about past and present, about commerce and finance, about the good old days when people subscribed their money for the "carrying on" of a fourteen days' polling, and when that was done subscribed more, and so forth. In short, as ARAMIS remarked at another meeting of courteous enemies, "We find what this gentleman said to be" very well said and altogether worthy of him.

On Thursday night Mr. MORLEY endeavoured to keep his party's spirits up at Newcastle by telling them cheerily that "he saw no reason to despair" of Home Rule, by dismissing the comments made on the Meath election as "cant," by affecting ecstasy over the results of the MATHEW Commission, and by taxing Lord LONDONDERRY not too politely with inaccuracy on the subject of Irish crime. We run our eyes across the same page of the *Daily News* which contains Mr. MORLEY'S speech, and we find an account of a particularly brutal moonlighting outrage in Kerry. The thoughtlessness of these printers! Mr. PLUNKETT spoke at Wimbledon on the same night and on the same subjects, but, it need hardly be said, he treated them rather differently.

Election Petitions. The judgment of Mr. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice WILLS in the Worcester election petition was wholly in favour of the respondent, Mr. Justice WILLS declaring that it was "a great hardship" for him to have to meet it. Indeed, the thing, like that at Manchester, was purely trumped, and a gross exhibition of political or personal spite. It ought to be a subject of serious consideration whether some heavier penalty than the risk of having to pay costs, which never are the whole costs, should not wait upon

such vexatious proceedings. For these, it must be remembered, not only inflict great loss and annoyance on individuals, but dislocate and delay the whole legal business of the country.

Of the very important National Agricultural Conference, which was held on Wednesday and Thursday, we speak more fully elsewhere. The chief speakers were Mr. LOWTHER and Mr. CHAPLIN; but the meetings were largely attended by persons of distinction in various ways, and resolutions in favour of Protection and Bimetallism—more particularly of the former—were carried almost unanimously and with immense enthusiasm on Wednesday. Next day the less exciting subjects of the burdens on land and of land tenure were discussed. Unluckily for the first, it would be unnecessary if a corn duty were reimposed; and, if a corn duty be not reimposed, it is not quite clear whose shoulders will be kind enough and broad enough to receive the burden. As to tenure, the three Fs themselves have not prevented Irish live meat from being unsaleable, or Irish farmers from clamouring for relief. One sapient gentleman said it "ought to be as safe to bank in the soil as in the Bank of England." Would he put an apple-tree in prison if it did not pay its debts with the same amount of apples every year? The meeting closed with a high and well-deserved compliment to the chairmanship of Mr. LOWTHER, which was seconded by no less extreme a Radical than Mr. CHANNING, M.P. As a direct result of the Conference, Lord WINCHILSEA has started a National Agricultural Union.

Uganda. Some newspapers which might and some which might not have been expected to know better placarded on Wednesday afternoon "Alarming News from Uganda," or something to the same effect. There was no alarming news from Uganda at all, and the construction put upon the tidings that Captain WILLIAMS had left, invalidated, for the coast was most misleading, and in conceivable circumstances might have been most mischievous. There were quite half a dozen competent Englishmen left in the country, and Major ERIC SMITH has probably reached it before now. Moreover, it turned out later that even the bare facts were incorrectly reported; for Captain WILLIAMS, though unwell, had not left Uganda, and did not mean to leave till Major SMITH arrived. It was announced

that Sir GERALD PORTAL will take with him 500 Zanzibari regulars, which should put all risk out of the question. On Wednesday night Mr. STANLEY delivered an address on the subject to the Constitutional Club.

Scotland. It was announced last week that Colonel RUSSELL, the Unionist candidate for East Aberdeenshire at the last election, had consented to contest the seat, which it had been feared would be allowed to go by default. This would have been a very great pity; and, though the attempt is a bold one, Colonel RUSSELL has already deserved success.—On Tuesday the Edinburgh magistrates had before them a person charged with being concerned in the autograph forgeries to which we recently referred.

Ireland. The Eviction Commission adjourned *sine die* on Tuesday, justifying at least to that extent some curious rumours on the subject.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. M. BRISSON gave up his efforts to form a Cabinet yesterday week, some influential persons to whom he had applied having refused to join him. The quarrel between the Panama Commission and the lawyers was being a little adjusted, and the Committee took some more evidence tending to show that "Republic" and "corruption" are only anagrams of each other. Which, indeed, is no new thing; but it is well to have the evidence of it posted up to date now and then.—The Monetary Conference at Brussels was losing itself in a wilderness of detail advocating the withdrawal of "small" gold coin, and so forth. The German Reichsrath was still debating the budget, and the poor Sultan of MOROCCO had not yet got rid of his uninvited and unwelcome French visitors.

On this day week M. CASIMIR PÉRIER (who had followed M. BRISSON) finally gave up the task of attempting to form a Ministry. The celebrated "REINACH cheques" were surrendered, and the names of no Deputies were found among the payees; but there were certain Senators, and some quite undistinguished persons who were suspected to be "lend-names"—as the French language, not very rich in compounds as a rule, neatly calls a class of obliging persons for whom English has no general term. There were more reports of the Chitral disturbances; there had been a riot at Ichang in China; and Sir JOHN THOMPSON had formed his Ministry in Canada. The troublesome matter of the Maltese marriages has cropped up again, thanks chiefly to the activity of that very mischievous and foolish body, the Protestant Alliance.

"And then we all shuffled back at the QUEEN'S command," said the Duke on a famous occasion. So did M. LOUBET'S Ministry at M. CARNOT'S on Monday, only it became M. RIBOT'S, M. LOUBET taking a back but honourable seat. There were a few other criss-crossings; and the obnoxious M. RICARD was the principal JONAH. The Panama Committee was engaged with M. ALBERT GRÉVY and M. HÉBRARD as to their "REINACH cheques," and received from the Chamber, by a large majority, further unusual powers.

On Wednesday morning it was reported that there was some danger of the Italians, as well as ourselves, experiencing inconvenience from the renewed activities of OSMAN DIGNA; while news from Gilgit confirmed the fears that our troops of observation towards Chitral would have some trouble with the insurgents there. The Monetary Conference at Brussels presented a spectacle which we fear we must call unedifying, not to say imbecile, everybody criticizing everybody else with great zeal, but nobody having any definite scheme, supported by a considerable body of opinion, to present. Some importance was attached to the election to the Reichstag of the anti-Semite agitator AHLWARDT, who is actually in prison for one offence and on his

trial for divers others. President HARRISON had submitted to Congress a Message to which no great attention was paid, but the chance of immigration into the United States being stopped for a time was seriously considered. This would be pleasant for England, which would then be the only "common sink of Moscow and Berlin."

On Thursday morning it was announced that the Panama Committee had insisted on a post-mortem in the REINACH case. At Berlin, in the AHLWARDT trial, the prisoner's counsel threw up his brief in a manner adjudged to be contempt of court, and was fined 100 marks. How regretfully must the Ev-ct—n C-mm—ss—n—rs feel that "there are judges in Berlin"! The Spanish Ministry has resigned in consequence of the municipal scandals in Madrid. More and more ghastly details arrive of the extermination of the HODISTER expedition, and of the other troubles on the Congo affluents. Altogether it would certainly seem that the Free State had better look to and consolidate what it has got, instead of "stravaging" about other people's territories and spheres.

On Thursday M. RIBOT'S Ministry (which, it may be remembered, is only M. LOUBET'S with a different hat on) received a vote of confidence by a majority of some 200. An amusing Russian newspaper was very angry with England for intruding in Gilgit and Chitral. But why pass over our intrusive presence at Simla, or, indeed, Calcutta itself? A strange, though not very important, affair was reported from Madrid as to the interference of the Spanish police with Lord PLUNKET, who was there on some business, or no business, with something called "the Spanish Reformed Church." We should have thought that the Archbishop of DUBLIN, himself not ignorant of intrusive hierarchies, need not have intruded on others. But doubtless these are matters of taste.

The Law Courts. This day week the Appeal Court gave an important judgment in the case of the would-be Village HAMPDEN, Mr. HARRISON, who tried to interrupt the pleasures of that grisly tyrant, the Duke of RUTLAND (well known for aristocratic excesses as Lord JOHN MANNERS), by frightening the birds at a grouse drive, and whose sacred person was thereupon held down on a road by brutal gamekeepers. The jury had found for the Duke, but, under direction of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, had decided that HARRISON was not trespassing. Both sides appealed, and the Court unanimously rejected HARRISON'S appeal, and decided that he was a trespasser, while by a majority (Lords Justices LOPES and KAY, the MASTER of the ROLLS dissenting) it granted a declaration of this fact. On the same day, a large number of men were summoned at the North London Police Court for intimidation and conspiracy connected with a strike.—On Monday, HOLMES, the Thirsk signalman, was found guilty of manslaughter, and ordered to come up for judgment when called on. The alleged pickpocket in Westminster Abbey was committed for trial, and heavy damages were given in a rather singular Jewish breach of promise case. MITCHELL, the pugilist, was still endeavouring to get into prison.—On Tuesday, by the grace of Sir PETER EDLIN, the poor man achieved his modest desire, and was "removed to the cells." On that day the Court of Appeal delivered an important judgment affirming the right of certain mineral owners to come upon (that is to say, in plain words, to break up) a portion of the Great Western Railway in search of things below. The decision is less startling than it seems, for it simply means that it is not safe for railway Companies to buy surface use only, and take their chance of safety from disturbance by the exercise of the usual mineral rights. Like other people, they must pay for what they want, and not for half of it only. At Winchester Mr. Justice COLLINS fined the

High Sheriff of Hampshire, Sir ALFRED TICHBORNE, five hundred pounds for absence from the assizes without leave or even explanation. This was perfectly right, for discourtesy to a judge is, of course, discourtesy to the QUEEN. But it will furnish a fresh argument to the partisans of the "unfortunate nobleman." He would not have missed an opportunity of performing high-shrieval functions with high-shrieval pomp.—On Wednesday the Court of Appeal refused a new trial in the late jactitation-of-marriage suit, and dismissed the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company's appeal against Mr. Justice HAWKINS's decision that they must stick to their word, and pay Mrs. CARLILL 100*l.* As before, the Company's object in taking this not less unprofitable than ungracious line is obscure. Let us trust that it is only heroic confidence in the virtues of the Smoke Ball.

The Church Association. The Church Association held a meeting at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night, and some speakers are said to have observed that the LINCOLN judgment had "brought the cause of Disestablishment 'to the door.'" This, in a Society which used to pretend that it only attacked disloyalty to the Church, is pleasant.

The Trial Eight. By an unusual coincidence, which not unnaturally annoyed the sporting critics, both the Universities held their trial Eight races on the same day, last Saturday, on the usual and sufficiently distant courses at Moulsholme and Ely. It was thus impossible for anybody to see both, and comparative judgment is rather difficult. One of the Cambridge boats had very much the better of the other, while the two Oxford crews rowed an uncommonly hard race; and it would appear that the general level of the rowing was better on the Thames than at the Adelaide Bridge.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday again neglected its business to attend to its "legislative proposals," and to order the compiling of a great Black-book of the criminals who own or occupy land in London.

Miscellaneous. It was announced at the end of last week that Mr. TATE had accepted the Millbank site for a gallery, and had handed over his pictures without further condition. They include some sad stuff, but also some very good things; and it is rather a pity that the late Government was induced, by the jealousy existing in the celestial mind of Science towards her sister Art, to leave this small feather to be picked up by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. Still, no doubt their necessity is greater than was that of Mr. GOSCHEN and his colleagues.—A very successful dinner was held for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.—The North German liner *Spree*, which had broken her main shaft in the middle of the Atlantic this day fortnight, was in great danger, as the fragments pierced the hull; but her compartments held good, and she was safely towed into Queens-town this day week by the *Lake Huron* of the Beaver line.—"The" Cattle Show—that is to say, the Smithfield Club Show—opened on Monday, and the chief prize was awarded to a cross-bred animal of Sir JOHN SWINBURNE'S. Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE gave an address on the Drama on Monday. There were heavy snow-falls in different parts of the country on Sunday and Monday.—The Fabian Society has withdrawn the light of its countenance from the Unemployed.—The Yacht Racing Association, on Tuesday, maintained the present rules of rating; and the cricket fixtures for next year, including a series of Australian matches, were arranged.—Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A., was elected an Academician on Thursday.

Obituary. Of Mr. JAY GOULD, who died last week, it is not necessary to say any new thing. It is sufficient to say that he was one of the embodiments

of wealth gotten in the *illest* way that has yet been found out in the history of the world. If anything could excuse Socialist nonsense, it would be the existence of fortunes like his, justified neither by right of inheritance, nor by usefulness of performance, nor by eminent personal qualities—not even the result of fair give-and-take gambling, but founded on, built in, and crowned with dishonesty, trickery, and lies.—M. BONAPARTE WYSE was an Irishman, with some BONAPARTE blood in him, who had an innocent passion for verse, especially in the artificial literary dialect of Neo-Provençal.—Of CHARLES WORDSWORTH, Bishop of St. Andrews, many unusual things may be said—indeed, though not precisely a great man, he was a man of numerous and unique distinctions. He was the *doyen* of University athletes, both wet and dry, having rowed in a University race and played in a University match nearly seventy years ago. He was an admirable scholar of the days before pure scholarship gave way to philology, and his acquaintance with the classical tongues was no less exact than elegant. No modern has ever equalled, and perhaps no ancient ever far surpassed, in exquisite terseness and restrained pathos, his Latin epitaph on his wife; and his well-known Greek Grammar is a microcosm of the subject. It was said, though we vouch not for it, that he enjoyed the less pleasant, but perhaps not less honourable, distinction of being the only clergyman who, having been a Prime Minister's tutor (he had coached Mr. GLADSTONE), was never offered high preferment by his pupil. He belonged ecclesiastically to the small body of Protestant High Churchmen, if they may be so called, which his brother CHRISTOPHER of Lincoln also adorned. In his rather odd position as the English Bishop of a Scotch See, he entertained for many years the amiable crotchet of reconciling Episcopacy and Presbyterianism. He was a devout, if not altogether a discreet, Shakspearian. He wrote quite recently a first volume of Reminiscences which was in part extremely amusing. In short, as we have said, he was a very remarkable man indeed, if not exactly a very great one.—Mr. FRED LESLIE, a brilliant actor of burlesque, died this week of typhoid fever at a very early age. Mr. LESLIE was full of invention and "go." That he was capable of better things than burlesque was shown by his *Rip Van Winkle*.—Dr. WERNER SIEMENS (or VON SIEMENS) was a brother of Sir WILLIAM SIEMENS, who had retained his German nationality, but was much concerned in the chemico-mechanical discoveries and enterprises which made the name famous.

The Theatres. *To-day*, an adaptation by Mr. BROOKFIELD of *Divorçons*, was produced with success at the Comedy Theatre on Monday.—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS took his Opera company to Windsor Castle (by command), and was appropriately complimented. No lover of opera, as opera once was, can fail to see the import of this event in the history of the lyric stage.

Books. The principal book of the week is Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF's *Memoir of Sir Henry Maine* (MURRAY).

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE.

FOR the first time for more than thirty years—for the first time perhaps since, fully forty years ago, Lord DERRY's first Government found it hopeless to do anything for the Protectionists—a great meeting in London representing all parts of the country, attended by members of all political parties, and addressed by men whose knowledge of agriculture is

certainly inferior to none, has, by an overwhelming majority, passed a resolution in favour of Agricultural Protection. The resolution has been met, as it was to be expected it would be met, with outcries, violent or melancholy, contemptuous or indignant, from the orthodox of Free-trade—the respectable, but rather one-ideaed, people who, according to the usual operation of the whirligig of time, exhibit towards Protection exactly the same attitude that their grandfathers exhibited towards Free-trade itself. But poohpoohing and abuse will not in the circumstances do. It will not do to run red herrings about land nationalization and the wickedness of landlords across the track. It will not do to fling at audacious heads venerable dicta of persons now in their graves. The facts are simple—that it is impossible to cultivate great part of the soil of England, even rent-free, at a profit; and that a great deal more can only be cultivated by allowing little or nothing to the man who contributes the land, who has built the houses and barns, who has drained and fenced, and, in short, done everything that makes land cultivable. This pleasant difficulty is complicated by the other, that the very foreigners who are cutting English throats are cutting their own to do it; and yet do not, and cannot if they would, stop the process. Russia starves her own people to ruin our farmers; American cultivators are mortgaged up to the eyes; India constructs or guarantees railways at her own cost, not to cheapen English bread (which is not cheapened), but to beggar English wheat-growers.

As these facts are not controverted or controvertible by any man at once sane and honest, it may surely seem possible to discuss remedies without heat and prejudice. We ventured to make and to act upon a similar suggestion in another matter—that of Uganda—some time ago. The result was not discouraging, and it may be repeated now. There may possibly be some stern Free-traders who would rather that the agricultural interest should perish than that their own theory of irregular verbs should admit even hypothetical fallibility; and there may be some monstrous conspirators whose objects are the “little loaf,” the feeding of the labouring classes on hot-water flavoured with curry-powder, and the swelling of the landlords’ purse. We have no knowledge of the latter; we fear the former do exist; but we really think it might be possible for reasonable people to pay equal disregard to both. The question is by far the most important that exists of its kind, and we cannot conceive anything more lamentable than the attempt to settle, or rather to stifle, it by arguments such as the “enlargement of purchasing power,” the plain advantage of buying everything where it is cheapest, the desirableness of ceasing unprofitable businesses and beginning profitable ones, and all the musty shreds and scraps from the old banqueting tables of the Anti-Corn Law League. It is no use increasing the purchasing power of a man’s money if he has no money to purchase with. Though it may be very pleasant for JONES to buy cheaply, the nation, of which both JONES and BROWN are members, acts very foolishly if it lets BROWN starve that JONES may buy. And the substitution of businesses would be very pretty indeed if thousands and millions of men could be dead-lifted out of ruin meanwhile.

It would, of course, be impossible in a single article to deal with all the aspects of such a question as this. We shall for the present only put two considerations—one for headlong Protectionists, and the other for the high-and-dry fanatics of Free-trade. The former should have learnt a good deal during their forty years in the wilderness, they should have supplied their limbs and sharpened their weapons not a little since the days when they were in possession, and so were fat and scant of breath. But they have not, to our thinking, yet grasped the most important part of the

problem with which they have to deal. This is the question, “When you have for all but half a century “indulged in unbridled Free-trade, when you have “bloomed your population to produce enormously and “be fed cheaply, can you alter the system without “putting a pinch, even more severe than that which “has come on yourselves, on the manufacturing and “trading classes?” Observe that we do not say you cannot. We only say that the difficulty seems insufficiently recognized by our present Protectionists. The McKINLEY business is not an exact analogue, but it is an analogue; and it is worth their while to consider the speed with which the pinch has been felt in that case. This, indeed, is the main practical point of the business—which ought to be the only point regarded. For it does not matter whether Protection is good for Saturn or for Jupiter, for Utopia or Uganda; it matters whether it is good for *us*.

The counter points which we would put for high-flying Free-traders’ consideration are of the same low but important order. If their argument for Free-trade *quand même* is sound, it must extend to the throwing, if necessary, of great part of the cultivable soil of England out of cultivation, and must neglect this as unimportant. Now the soil of England is there. It is not virgin, no doubt, and you must do a good deal more with it to make it fertile than if it were. But it is there; it is a huge asset which cannot be turned to any other account. Build Board Schools, County Council workshops, prisons for landlords and drunkards—anything else that can be dreamt of, and you cannot use it all. The rest will grow you wheat at a fair profit, say at forty shillings (the numbers do not matter)—at thirty shillings it will not. Are you prepared to lose the whole produce, the thirty or forty shillings’ worth, to have that blotted out of the national wealth, rather than pay the extra ten? And, yet again, will you in your economical Ultramontanist regard as a negligible fact that people must be fed somehow, and that, if you will not raise the food for them on the land which you have, and which is useless for any other purpose, you must let others raise it, pay them, and take your chance of their spending the money, not, as they once were pretty certain to do, with you, but with any one of half a dozen competitors in manufactures as well as in food-stuffs? Here, again, we do not say that these questions settle the other question. All we say is that Free-traders must meet them with something else than the old Cobdenic patter; that they must recognize that Free-trade *v.* Protection is a cause to be argued, not on general abstract laws, but on the practical circumstances of each country’s case at a particular time, and with a practical recognition that land is not as any other commodity, and that the needs which the cultivation of land supplies are imperative needs, and not merely variable demands.

A PIOUS HOTEL.

PIETY is not uncommon in hotels, and a Bible, so cheap that it suggests “sweating,” is often the only article of a literary sort, except a set of texts on a roller, to be found in hotel bedrooms. But beyond this, and, in Switzerland, a piano for dances on “lawful days,” and hymns on Sundays, piety seldom goes in hosteleries. There is, however, to be a pious hotel, the “Hotel Endeavor,” at Chicago. The hotel is to be in a park, and in the park is a chapel, and in the chapel will be daily services, and “the State organizations will hold their reunions.” In a piazza “the “Endeavor Orchestra will play evenings,” which means that it will play in the evening. The hotel is near a lake—“Bring your bathing suits,” O young

men and maidens! "or one can be rented in bath-house." We should prefer to bring our own bathing suit. Ladies about to purchase bathing suits will find much learned advice in the works of "GYF," where the topic is exhaustively treated. PAULETTE bathing among the children of the Pilgrim Fathers would be a noble topic for "GYF." PAULETTE in "a B room" would also be great. "The majority of the rooms we call B rooms. They will contain a double spring bed," and everything handsome. Larger rooms, called C rooms = B rooms + a single bed. We confess that we are unwilling to speculate on the meaning and mission of C rooms. Do Mormons—but we turn from the topic. All the rooms have "a transom over each door." In what interests can this arrangement be made; and, indeed, what is a transom in this sense? A transparency, and if so, why? The very waitresses and maids will be engaged from the ranks of "Christian endeavorers." "*All Christian endeavorers and their friends*" (why in italics? this *donne fureusement à penser*) "are most cordially invited to make this hotel their home." "If not registered in advance, two dollars per day, or more, will be charged each person." "No liquor of any kind is sold," and it is "a prohibition district." A large number of the clergy lend their names to this gay establishment as references. Rev. GUNSAULUS, D.D., and Rev. W. C. BITTING, and D. C. SMITH, Capitalist, are on the list. Fancy an unabashed person admitting that he is a Capitalist! PENHALLEGON, too, is a supporter (Rev. W. H.), and the Rev. H. T. SELL, and the Rev. ALFRED H. MOMENT, D.D., and SWEZEY and HOOHLER and THWING. There is something rhythmic and inspiring about these references.

May it flourish for ever,
The Hostel Endeavour,
And wealth to capitalists bring;
May Hooehler and Swezey,
In garb that is breezy,
Go bathing with Moment and Thwing.

With everything handsome
About them—a transom,
And rooms that accommodate three,
May endless variety
Delight the society
That dwells or in B or in C.

May Christian waiters
Distribute the 'taters,
May bathing-suits bask on the beach;
Where, if you desire one,
Bedad, you can hire one,
And then hear Penhallegon preach.

This song, which wells up in unpremeditated art, by itself demonstrates that the mere distant prospect of the Hotel Endeavour prompts to a natural and innocent gaiety. Would that we could hope to partake of the "Christian Endeavour supplies," study its literature, and be subject to its sweet influences! Even at this distance in time and space, the heart expands freely at the thought, like the blossoms which blow in the spring. "It is a notable enterprise of business men, animated by a Christian purpose. It will furnish a safe home, in the midst of the vast whirlpool of secular excitement, for Christian young people and their friends." Business men, we suppose, are quite unacquainted with secular excitement, and do not know the way to Wall Street. "Here the young woman can go alone without other protectors than her own common sense and Christian principle." But why should the Christian young woman inhabit alone either room B or room C, the principle of which, as we have said, we do not understand? Nothing at all is said about room A, which seems most suitable for a Christian young woman. The price for B rooms is two dollars a day; but one person is allowed to pay two dollars and have B quite private. If two persons take B, they pay a dollar each. In the same way, C costs three dollars, whether one, two, or three persons

occupy it. We observe no trace of A room, for one person, at one dollar. It requires a good deal of Christian endeavour to account for the apparent absence of A rooms. Why should anybody be obliged, if he or she wishes to be private, to pay a double price for superfluous accommodation? Is some doctrine of Christian endeavour illustrated here, as in "drinking watered orange pulp"? We have studied the booklet of the Christian endeavourers as if it were a corrupt chorus (textually speaking); but we find no A rooms, nor any explanation of the apparent absence of single bedrooms, except at a double or treble price. It is a mystery; but we have no doubt that there is a sound "business" basis for the arrangements.

FRANCE.

THE events of the last week in France should be full of instruction to those Englishmen who may occasionally be heard to speak contemptuously of the party system. At its worst it at least never produces such a welter of weakness and confusion as has been seen in Paris during the last ten days. A Ministerial crisis, due to personal feeling almost entirely; a week of negotiations for the formation of a new Ministry, rendered futile by the reluctance of this group of the majority to co-operate with the other, of this public man to work with that; finally, the return of the old Ministry to office with a few changes—this is what has been seen in the French Chamber. During the interval the Chamber has committed itself to the support of a measure exactly similar to another which it rejected only a fortnight before by the advice of M. LOUBET, because it constituted an act of aggression on the law Courts. The Cabinet, therefore, will have to begin its revived existence by deciding whether it will give up the opinion its members held when M. LOUBET persuaded the Chamber to reject M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN's first measure, or whether it will face the serious risk of telling the Chamber that it must cancel its vote of urgency in favour of that gentleman's very similar second measure. Nor was that the only danger in its way. The Committee of Investigation had declared itself as resolute as ever to insist on the exhumation of M. DE REINACH, on the holding of an autopsy, and on the sequestration of his papers. Here the Ministry have already been called upon to make the same choice. It had either to consent to what it refused to accept while M. LOUBET was still its chief, or to persuade the Chamber not to give the Committee the support which it gave it only the other day. One side or the other had to stultify itself if the Government was to be carried on by the present Ministers. It is the Ministry which has surrendered. M. DE REINACH's body is to be exhumed and his papers sequestered. M. BOURGEOIS, the new Minister of Justice, has defended the decision on the ground that circumstances have changed since M. RICARD resisted the Committee's request that these things should be done. The only visible change has been the vote of the Chamber in favour of the Committee. The surrender of M. RIBOT's Cabinet on this point promises very ill for their independence on any other.

It is difficult—or, rather, it is absolutely impossible—looking at the successive stages of the crisis, to understand what has been supposed to be at stake, or on what principles anybody was supposed to be fighting. M. BRISSON was supported by a large majority when he upset M. LOUBET, but it was one with which no Republican Ministry could be formed. A large portion of it consisted of Conservatives, who would vote against M. BRISSON to-morrow as they voted against M. LOUBET yesterday. Without the support of those Republicans who had continued to follow M. LOUBET

no Cabinet could stand. But they entirely refused to support M. BRISSON and his "Ministry of Autopsy," as it had been nicknamed before ever it had come into existence. So it never came to the birth at all, and M. BRISSON returned to his place at the head of the Committee of Investigation, after sending a report of his failure to the papers. The PRESIDENT then asked M. CASIMIR PÉRIER to attempt the formation of a Ministry. M. CASIMIR PÉRIER was no more successful than M. BRISSON. He could not secure the support of M. BOURGEOIS, and without him and the political influence which, in the American phrase, he controls, no Ministry could be formed. Then M. CARNOT asked the old Ministers to take office again, and they consented. Some trifling differences of persons were made. M. LOUBET descended from the Premiership to the Ministry of the Interior, M. RICARD disappeared, and so did M. J. ROCHE, who were both unpopular, though in different degrees. M. RIBOT takes the Premiership with the Foreign Office, which he held before.

If the Ministry does succeed in holding its ground now, it will be perfectly clear that the late crisis was purely and simply a personal matter. The Chamber was annoyed by the dry legal manner of M. RICARD and M. LOUBET's suddenly assumed air of independence. Therefore, it upset the Ministry. It may be presumed that this was M. CARNOT's opinion, or he would not have finally asked the old Ministers to take office again. Since he intended to ask them finally, it would have been better to ask them at once. Nothing that we can see has been gained by the waste of a week over the unsuccessful efforts of Messrs. BRISSON and PÉRIER to form Ministries, and something has been lost by the increasing disorder in the Chamber. It is tolerably certain that M. BRISSON will not be deterred by the knowledge of his own inability to govern from upsetting the Ministry by another temporary alliance with the Conservatives. If French politicians abstained from votes which were designed to destroy Cabinets, simply because they could not construct an administration themselves, the average life of a Ministry in that country would not be about nine months. But it would be useless to look for reasons for the course which the PRESIDENT has taken, simply because of the extreme probability that what has happened is largely the result of mere accident or confusion, and the jarring of Parliamentary groups, none of them strong enough to govern, but almost any two of them strong enough to upset. We have seen intervals of somewhat the same character in our own Parliament; but there is an instinct in Englishmen which makes them after a time intolerant of parties which are not effectual instruments of Government. A very short experience of the confusion prevailing in Paris would bring Englishmen into the frame of mind to give somebody a swingeing majority just to put a stop to this disorder. It is purely because Frenchmen never reach that frame of mind that Parliamentary government with them is what we see, a mere scramble, in which the business of the country is neglected.

The progress of the Committee of Investigation towards the possession of effectual power has been steady. Its examination of witnesses during the last week has not resulted in bringing a charge of corruption home to any Deputy. We never expected that it would. Such men as the late Baron DE REINACH and those who dealt with him would hardly be so foolish as to leave traces of their corrupt transactions in the shape of receipts and cheques. But what the Committee has found is that Deputies did stand on such a footing with M. DE REINACH as might very fairly lay them open to suspicion. The story told—with no sense whatever that it was other than honourable to himself—by M. ALBERT GRÉVY proves at least that there is a curious want of pride in a certain stamp of French politician.

M. ALBERT GRÉVY has been Governor-General of Algeria and a Deputy for many years. For nine years his father was the President. Yet M. ALBERT GRÉVY has no hesitation in describing how he took a tip from M. DE REINACH—for that is what it comes to on the most favourable view. A few weeks after the passing of the Panama Lottery Bill, for which M. GRÉVY had voted, M. DE REINACH tapped him on the cheek or the shoulder, and said, in his nice, genial way, "You must have a share in the Panama Syndicate." M. A. GRÉVY confesses that he knew this to mean that M. DE REINACH would in a few days send him a cheque, and that in the meantime he would run no risk. Yet he took the money because he thought that this was the financier's way of showing his gratitude for some work which he, M. GRÉVY, had done for him as a lawyer. M. GRÉVY was counsel for some concerns of which M. DE REINACH was a director. Deputies who are not too proud to pocket good things put in their way by financiers need not be surprised when they are suspected of allowing themselves to be influenced by the prospect of obtaining these same good things. M. A. GRÉVY should have taken his fees openly, or have refused to share in the profits of the Syndicate, of which he did not share the risk. This is only one case among several of Deputies who confess that they took an active part in financial speculations which depended on votes given in the Chamber. As might have been foreseen, the Committee has not been convinced, by its inability to prove corruption in any particular case, that none existed. It has only been made more sure than ever that it should be endued with greater powers to extort the truth. The Chamber has shown itself favourable to the Committee's pretensions by voting urgency for M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN'S Bill, which will give the "Thirty-three" power, not only to compel the attendance of witnesses, but to impound papers which are already in the hands of the judicial authorities, and at any stage of criminal proceedings.

A "FISHING" PETITION.

TO shame the rancour of political partisanship is no very easy matter; and the severe, though scrupulously measured, reproof administered by both the election judges to the petitioners against Mr. ALLSOPP's return for Worcester is likely, therefore, to be less felt by them than their condemnation in costs. This incident of the judgment may, perhaps, touch "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour" which, in the words of BURKE, a little varied for the occasion, "feels a fine like a wound," but is quite callous to a judicial reproof. The terms of the judgment, however, will not, we hope, be lost upon the impartial portion of the public, to whom also a glance at the facts upon which Baron POLLOCK commented should yield much enlightenment upon Gladstonian methods of warfare. These facts speak for themselves, and, indeed, a single sentence of Baron POLLOCK's sets forth a sufficiency of them to explain the whole character and result of the proceedings. "Although," said the learned judge, "there were in the original particulars 147 alleged cases of bribery with money, 93 of bribery, 28 of illegal employment, and 63 of general treating, nothing approaching to general illegality or corruption had been proved." But to be unable to prove anything approaching to general illegality or corruption, after alleging upwards of three hundred specific commissions of a corrupt practice, is to meet with something worse than failure; it is to incur positive disgrace. For, while it is certain that proof of only a reasonable proportion of this enormous array of charges would have sufficed to establish "extensive prevalence of corrupt practices," it is no less

certain that to fall short of such proof, with such a mass of cases, could not possibly have been due to unforeseen disappointments in evidence reasonably regarded as adequate. And what this means is that the petitioners simply raked together every scrap of malignant gossip that was to be found in the Worcester gutters, and then emptied the whole contents of the chiffonnier's pannier into the "particulars."

This indeed, translated into judicial language, is substantially the description given of the process by one of the judges themselves. Mr. Justice WILLS, in fact, goes further; for his observations would seem to indicate that in some instances the petitioners had not even any material of calumny to go upon, but brought charges against people, not because it had been said by anybody that they had been guilty of corrupt practices, but apparently because it was thought desirable to ascertain whether that was the case or not. Under one heading were inserted the names of twenty-one canvassers, "not," said Mr. Justice WILLS, "because any specific act could be alleged against them, but because it was thought possible that some such act had been committed by one or more of them." The petition was presented in August, and yet only one-sixth of the cases had been gone into, so that five-sixths of the labour of meeting these charges had been thrown away, while the expense of so doing must have been enormous." It is some consolation to reflect that this expense, or the bulk of it presumably, will now fall upon the petitioners. "Fishing" in this country is becoming every day a more and more costly pastime, but the angler for injurious information, especially when he goes to work with such a reckless disregard for the rights and interests of others, is a class of sportsman possessing no claim upon our sympathies. Trials of election petitions were not intended by the Legislature to fulfil the purpose of Commissions of Inquiry into corrupt practices, and people who attempt to abuse them to such ends must be made to pay for it. We have to thank the Worcester petitioners, it is true, for having enabled the judges incidentally to discourage the attempt to represent all political associations as agents for candidates of their party, even though throughout the election they may be not departing in any way from the ordinary course of their activities at times when an election is going forward. Baron POLLOCK's declaration of his views on this subject laid down a principle which conspicuously commends itself to common sense; and the petitioners against Mr. ALLSOPP's return, who certainly had no particular interest in eliciting this judicial dictum, have rendered a public service in doing so. Still they might have done this without formulating 330 charges of corrupt practices and proceeding with only one-sixth of them.

TAME DUCKS.

THE melancholy JACQUES compared his taxing, so long as he confined it to safe generalities not lending themselves readily to actions for slander, to a wild goose flying unclaimed of any man. The modern *canard* is a very tame duck, presumably of the decoy kind. Usually it is the nursling of the journalistic hen, the common or barndoor fowl, who is often surprised at the doings of its foster-child on an element unfamiliar to the putative parent. During the present week there has been quite a brood of such ducklings, but they are too guileless to serve the purpose of deception. The art of lying seems on the decline in England, not perhaps through any improvement in the morality of the country, but through lack of inventiveness. We have sometimes wondered why, amongst the prizes which are habitually offered to

competitors with apparently very little to do—missing-word prizes, prizes for beauty and prizes for ugliness, prizes for babies and prizes for barmaids, best story, best acrostic, best conundrum prizes—a reward has never been offered for the best lie. There would be some difficulty, of course, in assigning the prize. The best lie is that which deceives the greatest number of people, and the very best lie of all would be one that took in the adjudicator. The proof of its merit would consist in its not getting the prize. A lie cannot be called happy before its death. The longer it lives and is believed to be the truth, the more signal is its merit, its excellence consisting in its not being found out. When, after some months or years, its real character was disclosed, its author would possibly be beyond the reach of reward.

It is questionable, however, whether a really good lie is ever deliberately manufactured. Like the political systems in which it plays so great a part, it grows, and is not made. We do not contend that lies are spontaneously generated—spontaneous generation is as little credible in the moral as in the physical world. There is usually an unnoticed germ which is fostered into life by natural agencies. A definitely assignable author of any given lie is as difficult to discover as of a given proverb. Both are the products of the general consciousness. Like many great inventions, a lie is in the air of the time. Every great lie has its LEVERRIER and ADAMS, its DARWIN and WALLACE, its ROWLAND HILL and CHALMERS—competitors these last two for the invention of the beneficent adhesive postage-stamp—in more than the dual number. It is paradoxical, perhaps, but we are convinced that it is true, to state that what passes for a lie is usually the result of the effort of the human mind after truth. What ought to be, what naturally must be, what is logically the consequence of the existing state of things, is believed to be actual fact. But, as what takes place is, oftener than not, that which ought not to be, that which, it would seem, cannot be, or, at any rate, is inconsistent with reasonable anticipation, the probable is seldom the rule.

To take examples:—Among the *canards* of the present week has been the rumoured recall of Sir JAMES MATHEW from Ireland. He ought to be recalled; but, for that reason, it is pretty certain he will not be recalled. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, no doubt, regrets that he sent him out. If the CHIEF SECRETARY ever utters the invocation to the four Evangelists to bless the uncomfortable bed which he has made for himself to lie on, he may be excused if he omits the name of the author of the first Gospel. Then there has been the story of the communication by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to a New York journal of the details of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE—we are speaking now of the PRIME MINISTER, not of the Under Secretary for the Home Department—has a disposition to explain himself to the world through the American press, and in the recess of 1885 his Home Rule scheme was disclosed to those whom it more immediately concerned through the instrumentality of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. These two things have been put together. A confiding reception of the latest report is probably due to a too implicit belief that history repeats itself. Lord ROSEBURY is believed to be uneasy in the Cabinet. He possibly is unable to perceive why, if the native Protestants and Protestant missionaries of Uganda deserve Imperial protection, the Protestants of Ireland should be left naked to their enemies. He has been visiting Mr. JOHN MORLEY at Dublin; and therefore he has gone to put this view of the matter before him. Both statesmen have called at the Bank of Ireland. Where the Bank of Ireland now receives deposits and cashes cheques, GRATTAN's Parliament once sat. Therefore Mr. JOHN MORLEY

and Lord ROSEBURY have proceeded thither to give the Bank formal notice to quit, in order that the place may be made ready for Mr. TIM HEALY, Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, and the other nominees of Bishop NULTY. The clearing out of the Irish Parliament in 1800 to make room for the Bank was, perhaps, one of the most beneficent events in Irish history. The clearing out of the Bank to make room again for an Irish Parliament may be taken, perhaps, as an unconscious effort of symbolism on the part of the inventor. These reports, and others to which we might refer, are not, we believe, deliberate fabrications. They are the unconscious efforts of the public mind groping more or less helplessly after truth, and endeavouring to make something like a consistent whole out of the GLADSTONE-MORLEY policy.

THE ADJOURNED COMMISSION.

THE Evicted Tenants Commission, or, at any rate, its learned President, appears almost nervously anxious to prevent any misconception on the part of the public as to its plans. When, the other day, it was announced that Sir JAMES MATHEW was about to return to London, and certain inconsiderate people jumped to the conclusion that the Government were bringing the inquiry to an abrupt close, it was apparently deemed imperative not to allow this false impression more than twenty-four hours' harbourage in the public mind. A semi-official *communiqué* appeared in the newspapers the very next day after the suggestion above referred to had been put forward, to the effect that Sir JAMES MATHEW had merely returned to London to take the place "in chambers" of Mr. Justice WRIGHT, who had gone to the Leeds Assizes, and that he would return to Dublin, according to one authority "about Wednesday," and to another "shortly before the Christmas holidays." This formal *démenti* of baseless rumour seems, we say, to have been considered necessary, although at the last sitting but one of the Commission its President had distinctly stated—as appeared from the report of its proceedings—that when the Commissioners had completed the cases on their present list, they would postpone their further sittings "for a few days." Such are the consequences of an uneasy conscience, and a suspicion that you have overstayed your welcome. The victim of such a disquietude lives in perpetual fear lest any chance movement may be mistaken for a preparation for departure.

No other explanation than the above seems adequate to account for the nervously prompt contradiction which has been semi-officially given to the statement that the labours of the Commission were to be brought suddenly to an end. Such a contradiction ought surely to have been seen to be superfluous; and the public might have been credited with understanding that the so-styled "recall of Sir JAMES MATHEW" was a recall, not by the Government, who have irregularly withdrawn him from his judicial duties, but by those duties themselves. It is, indeed, difficult to divine the motive attributed to the Government by those who believed the rumour that they had made up their minds to close the Commission at once. Such a thing, in the first place, could not have been done with any show of official decency in the manner suggested. Some preliminary announcement on the part of the President that the Commission saw its way to shortening the inquiry would have been absolutely necessary to save appearances; and even so it is clear that the Commission would be bound to procure at least some evidence from every one of the Campaigned estates, which, as Sir JAMES MATHEW has stated, it will take them "a few more meetings to do." But, even supposing that Mr. MORLEY could

suggest to them any plausible excuse for bringing their labour to an immediate end, we can see no reason why he should wish to do so. The mischief is done already; we mean the mischief which the Government will appreciate—that of being found out; and, indeed, this was done at the first sitting of the Commission. As soon as the Ministerial attempt to give a false air of equity and legality to the proceedings had been frustrated by the courageous candour of Sir JAMES MATHEW, "the game of law and order," to use Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S words in a slightly different, but in a no less appropriate, sense than that in which he first employed them, "was up." Thenceforth it mattered not a jot whether the Commission held ten more sittings, or twenty, or two hundred. We know how their evidence is being collected, we know what their Report will be like; and, if the Government ventured to frame any Bill on their recommendations, the Opposition will know how to deal with it. But that, of course, is no reason why Mr. MORLEY should not do his best to keep up appearances by letting this very inferior comedy be played out to the end.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

IN an age of Universal Culture—and, what is more, of utilitarian culture, as it is called by persons who are not aware that the throat of the substantive is instantly cut by the adjective—it seems strange that the earnest young man should have managed to learn so little history of a kind likely to be useful to him. This, of course, is partly a matter of *esprit malin* on the part of his pastors and masters, who, being for the most part affected to Radicalism, take good care to protect him from all learning which may tend to convert him from that creed. Still, it is a little curious that they should have been able so to guide his later studies in politics and economy (revised *in usum* of the high-strung Democrat) as to prevent him from being put upon inquiry into the history of certain of the favourite nostrums of his teachers. How often, for instance, in these latter days, must the earnest young man whom it is sought to wind up into the high-strung Democrat have heard talk of State intervention for the purpose of providing labour for the unemployed! And yet how seldom, apparently, does one discover in the speeches or writings either emanating from or addressed to the aforesaid victim of the political piano-tuner any trace of a knowledge that the experiment has been tried before with disastrous results! It is true that this observation, or this failure to discover anything to observe, is not singular. The engaging candour with which the Socialist promulgates most of his schemes for the redress of social grievances is born of the blessed ignorance that most of them have been laboriously tried in this and other countries for long ages together, and that the prosperity which the aforesaid reformers (quite legitimately) desire to diffuse throughout the whole community dates from their abandonment.

Still, though the talk about State provision of labour resembles other talk of the same kind, in harking back upon theories exploded—and that in the chemical as well as the classical sense of the word—by experiment, their explosion has been, comparatively speaking, so recent that the Socialistic teacher of to-day must have had some trouble to prevent his pupils stumbling over these inconvenient refutations of his teaching. And if these missionaries (alas! too few) in the cause of political truth and common sense would only take the hint which has been given them by a correspondent of the *Times* within the last day or two, the Socialistic teacher would find his obscurantist work more difficult still. In last Thursday's impression of

that newspaper they will find a letter from Mr. E. H. BRADBY, which tells the whole tragi-comic story of the *ateliers* of 1848, with a clearness and force which ought to impress it on the mind of every one who has a mind to be impressed. Of course, that *tabula rasa* with which alone we are furnished at birth is liable in these days of educational high pressure to get so thickly scribbled over during the first twenty years of life by other people, that it can receive no new, or at any rate no legible, inscription of any sort. Such understandings, of course, will have no room for the reception of Mr. BRADBY'S narrative. But it is to be supposed that among the adherents to the creed of Municipal Socialism—to use Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S recent classification—there will, at any rate, be some to whom this simple story of municipal workshops—how they were founded, and how they fared—will give pause. Simple, as we have said, it is; but it is terrible also. A mere bald review of dates and events is sufficient to show that. The 28th of February is divided by less than four months from the 20th of June. Yet this is the entry under the first date:—"About 8,000 men supposed to be out of work." And this under the second:—"115,000 men brigaded (for State employment); credit of 3,000,000 francs voted by the Chambers, with more to follow." From this it was but a few steps further to confrontation with the spectre of national bankruptcy; and from this, again, but a few steps more to insurrection and the slaughter of 12,000 men in the streets. Surely our missionaries of political truth and common sense might find some means of bringing this lesson of history to the wider knowledge among the "advanced" constituents, not to say members, of the London County Council.

MR. MORLEY AT NEWCASTLE.

MR. MORLEY'S audience at Newcastle has, no doubt, good reason to pity him for the dangers he had passed on his way from Ireland. That is, at least, the opinion of the CHIEF SECRETARY himself, to judge by the rather pathetic picture he drew of his toils on land and "ocean," in frost and fog and snow—all endured in order to please his good masters of Newcastle—and, we hope, duly rewarded by the encouraging cry of "Glad to see you, JOHN!" which greeted his appearance on the platform. It would, perhaps, be as scientific a division as another to class all politicians into those who are addressed by their Christian names, and those with whom an audience of their constituents never thinks of taking these liberties. The performance with which Mr. MORLEY endeavoured to deserve the kindness of his patrons was, upon the whole, worthy of its reward. He praised them and abused their enemies, in the traditional manner inherited by the politician from the minstrel and older artists. Mr. MORLEY'S audience did not expect him to tell them anything about the Home Rule Bill; but he did tell them something, though they may possibly have overlooked it. Mr. MORLEY did tell them that the Bill which "Great Britain ought not to, and will not, refuse," is not yet ready for acceptance or refusal. He only does not despair that it will be fit for delivery by the end of next month. Such is the state of forwardness of the Bill which embodies all the essentials of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy.

The bulk of Mr. MORLEY'S speech was naturally devoted to subjects out of which more could be made. There were an assertion and a prophecy which afforded good texts. An audience which affectionately calls Mr. MORLEY JOHN was pleased to hear that "What is called Irish intelligence in journals that circulate among the so-called cultivated classes is a list, for the most part, of distortions and exaggerations, and of good, broad, unadulterated lies." Mr. MORLEY

has indeed proof, but he proposes to keep it in a box only to be produced for the confusion of his enemies in the House of Commons. We remember when Mr. MORLEY was going to produce in the same place proof positive of horrors perpetrated in Tipperary—but somehow the evidence has not been made visible to this day. When the House has met we shall perhaps learn, if other events have not driven Mr. MORLEY'S promise from the memory of all men, including his own, whether the box does, indeed, contain evidence which is to overwhelm the cultivated classes, or only further round assertions that Lord LONDONDERRY had spoken rashly.

The Meath Election Petition was an event which Mr. MORLEY could not pass over. His manner of dealing with it was not one which his Irish clients can well consider with satisfaction, and the Nonconformist conscience will be more wonderful than ever if it is pleased. The power of the Irish Church, said Mr. MORLEY, need not be feared, because, in all Roman Catholic countries, the priesthood has lost its political influence. Mr. MORLEY prophesies for his clerical allies destruction by Radicals and Freethinkers, and for the Nonconformists escape from Roman Catholic tyranny through the increased power of the enemies of all Christianity. The *tu quoque* with which Mr. MORLEY ended his remarks on clerical influence in Ireland was singularly feeble. Even on a platform it is really going too far to represent Mr. CHAPLIN'S disposition to join Archbishop WALSH in advocating bimetallism as on all fours with the alliance between the Gladstonians and the Irish clergy. Will Mr. MORLEY be good enough to point out any occasion on which any Unionist has maintained that Irish members should have no share in the government of the United Kingdom, or that Irishmen—lay or ecclesiastical—were not to be accepted as fellow-workers in any undertaking for the general good? Mr. MORLEY knows very well that there never was such a Unionist. If he does not know the difference between working with Irishmen as your fellow-subjects for a common object, and working with Irish "Nationalists" to bring about a disruption of the Union, for party ends of your own—that is because Mr. MORLEY'S naturally clear intellect has been hopelessly corrupted by the sophistry forced on him by the nature of the work he has bound himself to do, and of the allies with whom he has condemned himself to act.

A LETTER TO A MAN.

MY DEAR NIALL,—I intend taking advantage of an excellent arrangement which I understand you and Hilda entered into on your marriage day. I hear that, though you endowed her with all your worldly goods, you made a reservation in favour of your correspondence, and with astonishing and unusual consistency you allowed her the same privilege. I augured well of your marriage from the day I heard this. You have begun well, perhaps it would be hardly wholesome for you to be told *how* well. Probably you will wish I had not heard of this "paction" between you and your wife when you grasp that this letter is meant for your eye alone; because, claiming to be an old friend of yours, I do not wish to depart from the beaten road on which old friends always walk, and I intend now to improve the occasion.

"We have been married two months," writes Hilda to me, "and we are now off to Scotland on a round of visits. Grouse first, deerstalking later. Perhaps this is a rude way of describing the houses to which we are going, but though I am sure they are delightful people, I do not know them, they are at present only Niall's friends to me. I wonder if the two months we shall spend in this way will be as perfect as the two we have just ended!"

I put her letter down, sincerely echoing on her behalf the wonder she had expressed. The letter reached me while I was staying at Dashwood, where the usual sort of large country-house party was going on. I read it in the hall, where we were all lounging after breakfast; and while reading it I caught bits of the conversation going on round me.

One, who shall be nameless, was discoursing on "How women gossip! I should like to hear men say the things about their wives that women say to each other about their husbands. They talk all day, and, as if that were not enough, they sit in each other's rooms at night and continue the operation. Men are quite different," &c. You can easily continue for yourself the tune to which man chants his own praises when he is really started on that inexhaustible theme. He was answered according to his folly, and my mind reverted to Hilda's speculation. I then determined to write this letter, and try if I could not spare her the hardest part of that breaking in which must inevitably accompany "life in double harness" if the one who "sets the pace" does not, from the outset, "show tact and understanding." Hilda is happy in being a member of a large family. That implies a good deal of steady discipline, applied from the earliest years; and when a girl marries out of a large family she probably has chosen well, for the brethren early discern "coming events," and love must be strong when it stands the concentrated fire of criticism which falls on the new-comer, all the said criticism being duly imparted to the member favoured by his attentions. We will presume, therefore, she leaves home because she cares more for the individual than for the herd. Naturally before marriage she is too absorbed in her new interests to notice that for the first time she is alone, living a life only related to one other person. A man in love is very exacting; he requires all the time and devotion of the girl. This is all natural and right; and you have so lately gone through it I cannot believe, rapidly as that stage passes, that you have so forgotten it as to need minute description from me. Marriage follows, and the honeymoon passes, most people will admit, rather slowly. Don't think me cynical; I am only truthful, and people need not mind admitting that time passes slowly when it is not occupied by the usual routine and work of life.

And now, you are going to visit, before you settle into your London house and work. A dinner party is nearly always an awful lottery. Fate may sandwich you between such terrible slabs of dry or doughy bread; but there is always the fortifying thought, "it can only last two hours." The country-house party is equally a lottery; the chances in your favour are, perhaps, more numerous, but on the other hand it lasts longer, and I suppose we have all said with Mrs. Carlyle, "And the evening and the morning were the first day." No reflection on your friends, my dear Niall; but as a rule a man's friends are either those who give him the best sport, or those who have the most attractive wives, and roughly speaking, when a man is married and a sportsman, and his wife tells you she is going to stay with his friends, you may be sure, on the best authority, that his choice is guided either by devotion to his host's pheasants or devotion to his host's wife. It is only decent to acquit you at present of this last, so I am to imagine you where sport is good. In one of these houses you and I first met. Bear with me when I warn you that, if you insist on going where sport abounds, Hilda will be bored precisely in proportion as you are amused. Don't ask me for all my reasons. This is a letter, not a blue book; and, as I am a woman, you must be content to accept my conclusions without bothering me for my premisses.

We met at Glen Dhu, did we not? Companions in that deadly cold drive of thirty miles, which had to be got over before we reached the lodge. You will have the same open "machine" and used-up horses, for I will confidently assert that Hilda's boxes are not smaller than mine were, and you remember nothing shut would carry our luggage. Shall I ever forget the wind that blew down the glen that dark night, or the misery of the sleepiness it brought with it; how you and George laughed next day over my disgust at the Lodge, built against a bank for shelter, with no view, and in a spot where no ray of sun ever penetrated; the sombre masses of stunted larch clothing the sloping hillside; my cry for the high hills, none of which could be seen till the low ones which enclosed the narrow glen had been mounted; the smell in every passage of ill-cured and moth-eaten stags' heads, venison, and red-currant jelly; the wretched farce of peats burnt in modern grates for fires! Then the sight of the early morning processions of stalkers and gillies, all with a caricature resemblance to Landsborough's worst pictures; the long day passing slowly for us women, who were exercised by tramping up the glen in the morning or down the glen in the afternoon, for all else was forest; the return of the stalkers

long after dinner. Heavens! I still can smell the Eau-like odour which arose from their garments with the levelling flavour of tobacco, blotting out all that individuality apparent under more primitive conditions to the Patriarch's nostrils! All laughably vivid to me still, though in the days I write of the jest was far from being obvious. Hilda in these visits will learn, and feel slightly bewildered in learning, that you can now leave her for the round of the clock with a cheerful and oblivious countenance, and that on the off days you will prefer slumbering over the smoking-room fire to her company. What is more, you will be so convinced that she must be enjoying her surroundings "where sport is so excellent," that you will not even ask how she spends her day. I will describe it to you beforehand. The deadly home sickness for the affection and teasing, the stir and tumult of family life, the desire for which will return to her with an almost unconquerable longing. She will be hurt and surprised at your devotion to all that takes you from her. In a few years she will understand it all, she will see in it the law of nature, and learn that there are certain advantages in reconciling herself to it. But during these "two months" it will be "hard to understand," and while she is possessed by the blues she must live her external life, and living it, she will become enlightened as to the deadly dullness of unleavened women's society. You have not always agreed with my view that society, to be good, must be mixed. You quote your undergraduate days; but I have always told you there are special reasons why that life is so good of its kind. Later in life men and women are best mixed. Men's conversation is the better for a bridle, women's the better for being taken beyond the bedroom, the nursery, and the kitchen.

Hilda will not find the women gathered together in any of the houses are there because they have chosen each other's society—they are there as the wives of "the guns." Unless a man is extra selfish he is when out shooting a good fellow—most people are when occupied—and therefore he is asked as a good shot, not because he is good company. But the women are entirely dependent on their social qualities when thus thrown together. They are away from their occupations and their children, they are not all happily married, and they are probably, from the very circumstances of their position, jealous of each other. What can they do but gossip? When Hilda retails to you some of the stories she has heard, and speaks of the glimpses of sordid and petty passions she has seen, do not snub her with exclamations as to "what things women will say!" Recollect, this is your first knowledge of what women's society left to itself can be. If you are candid, and think it over quietly, you will remember that men left to themselves have also their conversational faults.

Don't think I am asking you to give up your life as a sportsman. That would be absurd in me, and you would be a sorry fool were you to do so. I only ask this, that when Hilda reveals to you a world you knew nothing of before (for no man really knows women as they are till he has a wife to open his eyes), then don't blame her because she has to live in a society into which your tastes have for the time being put her. Finally, be patient if in these months you find that Hilda has not the perfect temper you imagined she possessed while you were engaged. Could men don the petticoat sometimes, they would perhaps learn to know life as it really is. Could women don the deer-stalker's garments, they might, perhaps, rise oftener to the realization of a world as it might be. When these two months are over, go into "mixed society."

My chief pleasure in writing this long letter is in wondering whether Hilda will resist asking whom it is from and what it is all about. She will offer to exchange letters "for this once." *If you are not firm you will be lost.*

Believe me, yours veritably,
E. L. F. E.

KING LEAR.

THE impressions aroused on a first visit by the representation of *King Lear* at the Lyceum, and recorded at the time, are more than confirmed on repeating the experience, and our former conviction of the subtlety of Mr. Henry Irving's intellectual grasp of the character of Lear is deepened and strengthened. As was the case with *Macready*, the part has gained by repetition in Mr.

Irving's hands both in the power of expression and the power of restraint. The measure of relief to the more stormy scenes, which was not at first sufficiently full or sustained, is now forthcoming in the actor's expression of the passion of Lear, from its first furious outbursts to the tragic culmination in the anguish and desolation of madness. Accents that were somewhat too pronounced are now subdued or effaced, the significance of others has acquired yet greater force, and the gain of concentration, which Mr. Irving has developed, is to be seen in the heightened poignancy of the tragedy. The conception, in its main lines, remains as it was originally, and we are as fully convinced as ever that Mr. Irving here shows an entirely sympathetic accord with the poet's conception. We are not disposed, however, to hold inflexibly to any one reading of a part which, like the play itself, has not a little of the elements of vagueness and enigma that are the signs of its legendary origin. But that *King Lear* is peculiarly a poet's play—the most tremendous achievement of Shakspeare as a poet, as one of the greatest of poets has said—and that Mr. Irving's reading of the part is eminently poetical, are propositions which, we think, very few persons would contest. The something in it "gigantic and unformed" of which Coleridge speaks belongs not less to the entire presentment of the story than to the character of Lear. It is the most Elizabethan in spirit, the most Marlowesque, in short, of all the plays of Shakspeare; and the necessary reduction of the drama for the modern stage has certainly not lessened the difficulties of representation. The extreme naïveté of certain scenes would be intolerable on the stage of to-day; and, on the other hand, the magnificent vagueness of the story and the sublimity of the drama suggest that the solid earth were insufficient to support the acted show, and the cloudy empyrean were its fit theatre. *King Lear* being of this spiritual quality of drama, with a poetic inspiration so largely elemental, it is remarkable that the play as rendered at the Lyceum should retain so much of its primitive spirit. This admirable result is largely due to the truly Shakspearian study of the leading character which Mr. Irving's Lear reveals.

From the opening scenes Mr. Irving's Lear is consistently sympathetic with Shakspeare's play. *King Lear* is presented as verging upon fourscore years, yet as a fiery spirit fully conscious of the disabilities of age in a primitive ruler. This reading of the part is perfectly justified by the whole tenor of the play. It needs no special reference to Lear's speech in the last act, nor any assumption that Shakspeare observed the unities in *King Lear*. There have been Lears on the stage, in our own time and of old, who have played the part with the energy of voice and bearing proper to a man of thirty until the fourth act is reached. In such an instance you have to presume a considerable lapse of time between the first and the fifth acts, or a preternaturally green old age suddenly brought to ruin and insanity by a heavy visitation of evil. Such a Lear may, we admit, be both persuasive and impressive. That reading of the part, or yet another, may be justified by an actor of genius. All we contend for is that Mr. Irving's Lear is both more poetical and more natural. Unless we are prepared to regard the play as a fairy-tale, or a solar myth, it must be admitted that nothing but the extremity of old age would induce a King in barbarous or semi-civilized ages to abdicate and divide his dominion. Authority Lear still owns, as he thinks, after this act of division, and the show of authority in him is acknowledged by Kent. It is the violation of his kingly rights by his daughters that upsets his reason. One of the finest features of Mr. Irving's acting is the significance with which he illustrates the profundity of this injury. To be abated of his dignity in the matter of his knightly following was the root of his daughters' offence, the spur to the excruciating sense of their ingratitude that made him mad. But from the first, from the fatal act of abdicating the exercise of power, he was clearly a feeble, foolish, and despised old man. The taunts of Goneril and Regan emphasize the situation the moment they grasp power, in the third scene of Act II., and with wonderful effect does Mr. Irving suggest in Lear's alternating transports of fury and emotional reaction of weakness the horror of the revelation of his folly. Nor less impressive is the actor's display of incredulity as to the new, the unexpected enormity as shown in Regan. And very finely does Mr. Irving reveal the active source of his sudden distemperment as he turns from Regan once again to the spectacle of Kent

in the stocks. It is with a terrible suggestiveness that Lear, transported from his momentary tenderness towards Regan, demands, with flashing eyes, "Who put my man in the stocks!" There is in Mr. Irving's tone and gesture the most passionate sense of this slight upon Lear's kingly dignity. It is not by one stroke, however, as the actor fails not to show by many a subtle touch, that Lear is desirous to take up the burden of the cursing of Goneril. All through the scene the way madness lies is laid bare, and we see the complex process by which reason is unseated. The transition from this to the act that follows, from the disillusion of faith in Regan to the terrible bitterness of Lear's speech, "Let them anatomize Regan," is one of the sternest tests of a tragedian's powers. The scenes of Lear's madness are rendered with entrancing effect by Mr. Irving. Especially striking is the actor in suggesting the pathos and fateful irony of the scene at Dover between Gloucester and the flower-crowned King. None who has heard the delivery of the touching words, "I know thee well enough! thy name is Gloucester; thou must be patient," will forget the depth of anguish that there is in Mr. Irving's utterance of the last simple phrase "Thou must be patient." As to the storm scene, we could wish it could be given as in times past on a desolate open heath, as directed in the text, with an unencumbered stage for the actor. Then could Lear dominate the scene, ride the lightning, and surmount the storm, while neither the actor, nor the splendid invocation at his entrance—"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!"—ran any risk of loss.

The final scenes, where Lear and Cordelia are brought together, may be said to "play themselves," though it is the very paradox of acting that such scenes should make the fullest calls upon the actor's powers. The Cordelia of Miss Ellen Terry is an exceedingly beautiful and touching performance. Excellent as this charming actress is in pathetic situations, her acting in the tent-scene, when Lear recognizes his daughter, must be reckoned among her highest artistic triumphs. Here, indeed, Mr. Irving is altogether admirable, too, and the scene is a fit crown to the dramatic edifice. The frank and engaging character of Edgar is played by Mr. Terriss with excellent breadth and spirit, though when Edgar plays the part of Poor Tom Mr. Terriss, like many another Edgar before him, is far less satisfactory. We miss the over-colour and *grotesquerie* that should mark the simulation of madness by the sane. The part is admitted by all judges to be singularly difficult. When the comedian Terry astonished the audience at the old Haymarket—most of whom must have seen Kean in the part—as King Lear, it appears from contemporary criticisms that the young actor who played Edgar caused almost equal amazement by his performance as Poor Tom. The Edmund of Mr. Frank Cooper is in all respects a very capable study, and extremely well acted. Mr. Haviland's acting as the Fool is notable for delicacy of finish and a pathetic suggestiveness that is never forced or irrelevant. The part is a genuine creation in Mr. Haviland's rendering, and of all performances of Shakspeare's fools we have seen this is by far the best. The Regan of Miss Maud Milton and the Goneril of Miss Ada Dyas are decidedly meritorious. The Regan is particularly spirited and judicious, and in the last act Miss Milton's rendering leaves us nothing to desire. Mr. Holloway's Kent has bearing, dignity, and force, and Mr. Bishop's Gloucester is deserving altogether of commendation, though we could wish that the former actor would not mar the movement of the Shakspearian verse by omitting the word "much" in Kent's last words:—

Vex not his ghost! O, let him pass! He hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club Show this week was one of the best, whether we regard number of entries or quality, that has ever been held. The total number of cattle was 312, comparing with 247 last year; indeed, we have to go back to the great Show of 1889 to find a larger number—in that year there were 318 cattle. And the quality, like the entries, was also, as we have said, very excellent. All the Christmas fat stock shows have, in fact, been very good this year. In the sixteen annual exhibitions at Norwich, only once—in 1890—has the number of animals exhibited

exceeded the number of this year, and the excellence was equally remarkable. At Birmingham, it is true, there was a decided falling-off in sheep, poultry, and pigeons, and even in cattle the entries were hardly up to the average; but they were very little under, and the quality was exceedingly good. Some of our contemporaries are much surprised that the agricultural depression should have had so little effect upon these great shows. As far as the ordinary person can see, there is not the least indication that agriculture is in a bad way. As we have already said, the numbers were very large, the cattle were of the very highest quality, and the exhibitors appeared not to have a care. The shows themselves, too, were well attended by visitors. But there is nothing really to excite surprise in all this, for the exhibitors belong to a class that is not very much affected by bad times. The excellence of the shows, then, does not in the least contradict the complaints of landlords and farmers alike, that seldom has British agriculture suffered more than it is suffering at the present time. The Queen has been remarkably successful at all the three great exhibitions. She sent two Hereford steers from Windsor to Norwich; one carried off the first prize and the other was reserved and highly commended. To Birmingham she sent from Windsor ten head of cattle. With these she won two Breed Championships for Herefords and Shorthorns, the President's prize for the best animal in the show bred and fed by the exhibitor, four first prizes, three seconds, and two highly commended; only one animal out of the ten being unnoticed. From Abergeldie she sent five polled Aberdeens. One took a first prize, three were commended, and only one unnoticed. So that out of fifteen animals altogether sent to Bingley Hall only two were unnoticed. From Windsor the Queen sent nine animals to the Agricultural Hall, and with these she won two Breed Championships for Herefords and Shorthorns, four first prizes, two seconds, and a highly commended. From Abergeldie she sent three cattle, but only one of these was noticed, and was no more than highly commended. It will be seen that at all three exhibitions Her Majesty's success was quite unusual. No other exhibitor has done anything like so well. But Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was exceedingly successful at Birmingham, to which he sent four animals, and with these he took two first prizes, one second, and one third; and with two pens of Oxford Downs sheep he secured first and second prizes. The Prince of Wales was represented at the Agricultural Hall by four pens of sheep only, with which he secured a first and a second prize, a "commended" ticket, and a "reserved and highly commended." At Birmingham with one Shorthorn and two pens of sheep he only carried off a third prize. But at Norwich with four entries in cattle he won two first prizes, and with one entry in sheep he took a "reserved" and a "highly commended" ticket.

But the feature of all three shows was the triumph of the Cross-breeds. The Championship at the Agricultural Hall was carried off by a blue-roan cross-bred steer, a little under 3½ years old, weighing 20 cwt. 1 qr. 8 lbs.—an unusually heavy animal for the Championship. In the whole Show this year there were only four heavier beasts. The sire was a Shorthorn and the dam a Galloway, and it is said to have been the first instance of an animal taking a Championship prize that had Galloway blood. The contest lay between this immense animal and a pretty cross-bred heifer named "Queen of Hearts," exhibited by Mr. Robert Copland. She was a little over two years and ten months old, weighing 16 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs. She is a cross between an Aberdeen Angus sire and a cross-bred Shorthorn dam. At Birmingham, besides winning the first prize in her class, she took the 30th prize as the best animal amongst the Welsh and cross-breeds, the 100 Guinea Challenge Cup given by the proprietors of Thorley's Food, and the 100 Guinea Elkington Challenge Cup. She was the favourite with the public at the Agricultural Hall, as she had been both with the public and the judges at Bingley Hall, and when the championship was awarded to Sir John Swinburne's steer, hissing was heard, which is very unusual. Yet the judges were very painstaking, and did not decide in a hurry. They not only handled the two animals over and over again, but walked them backwards and forwards, looked at them from every point of view, consulted their note-books, and, after long deliberation, awarded the prize to the steer. There was, in fact, room for difference of opinion; for both were very fine animals, though each had a different kind of excellence. Both the champion and the reserved were cross-breeds, and two cross-breeds were like-

wise awarded the silver cups for the best male and the best female in the cattle classes. At Birmingham, as already said, the "reserve" animal, which was rejected in favour of Sir J. Swinburne's at the Agricultural Hall, carried off the championship. And at Norwich, likewise, a cross-bred belonging to Mr. Coleman took the championship as the best ox or steer in the show, and also that for the best beast in the show; so that this year cross-breeds have taken all the principal honours at Norwich, Birmingham, and Islington. Turning to the other classes, Devons were fairly represented, and so were Herefords. The Shorthorns were as good, taking them all together, as perhaps ever have been exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. Sussex cattle, too, were exceedingly well represented, especially the younger classes. The red-polled classes were good, the polled Aberdeen Angus very good, the Welsh capital, and the Kerry and Dexters excellent.

The show of sheep was fairly satisfactory. The total number of pens was 175, comparing with 186 last year; in fact, the number was smaller than in any year of the last six. That, however, is not surprising, for sheep-farming is very unprofitable, and has been so for a considerable time past. Mr. Robert E. Turnbull, of Shrewsbury, has just shown that, with nearly 4½ millions more sheep and lambs in the country now than in 1887, their value is nearly 3 millions sterling less—certainly a very serious depreciation—and compared with 1889 the depreciation is worse still. Considering all the circumstances, therefore, the entries at the Agricultural Hall this year must be considered satisfactory; and it is still more satisfactory to find that the quality was generally above the average. The South Downs were unquestionably the best class. The entries were more numerous than last year, and the quality has seldom been exceeded. In this class Sir F. A. Montefiore took the first prize, the Breed Cup, and the Shortwool Championship. It would be difficult indeed to find better wethers than he showed. The Leicesters were well represented, and the wethers especially were good. Cotswolds were fairly shown, but not very fine in quality. The Lincolns, on the other hand, were excellent. Hampshires, with thirty entries, were a very fine show; but Suffolks were few in number and not very good in quality. The Shropshires, on the other hand, were not well represented, but were excellent in quality. Oxfordshires were also good, and there were some fine heavy sheep and lambs in the cross-bred classes. The show of pigs was, upon the whole, better than in recent years, but there was much complaint that prizes were awarded for mere fatness. It was contended that the pigs which give the most lean in proportion to fat pay best at present, and yet that they were set aside in favour of wasteful fat. The Berkshires were the finest class in the exhibition. Mr. Fricker carried off the Champion Plate with a pen of this breed, and Mr. Hayter's Champion single pig was also a Berkshire. The Tamworths came next in quality to the Berkshires. The other classes do not call for special notice. The display of roots was admirable, and there was a large exhibition of implements and machines. Upon the whole, the Show must be pronounced very good in all departments, and the attendance of the public has been very large.

THE MALADY OF MILLIONAIRES.

THERE is reason to think that great wealth begets a mental disease akin to those forms of paralysis which affect a minute portion of the brain, while the general intelligence remains sound. It is not to be denied that the very rich, as a class, show as much sense as other people. Those who make their own fortunes may well have narrowed their minds in the process. They probably fell into a groove, and we must not look to them for sympathy with new thoughts or projects. But the majority—in Europe, at least—inherited wealth, and they passed through the same training commonly, imbibed the same ideas as the rest of us. We knew some of them at school, or at the University, where they were much like other youths—equally interested in the "questions" which took their fancy. They may even have promised in all sincerity to aid in solving a problem of some kind when they came into their own; and looked forward to the work with pleasure. If the promise be forgotten when that time arrives, no reasonable person will condemn them. To find oneself in the paternal seat, surveying lands, all one's own, as far as eye

can see, or reckoning up the money-bags, is not less exciting, probably, when that day has been anticipated from childhood. But in a short time the situation becomes familiar, and then that reasonable person, if inexperienced, looks for fulfilment of the promise. But rarely, indeed, is he gratified. The mental disease has found a lodgment. His rich friend may still take interest in the question, whatever it be. But somehow his mind can no longer grasp the obvious fact that he himself might settle it, once for all, by applying no great proportion of the money which lies idle at his bank.

It is clear, also, that this malady grows more common, and intensifies. When the rich were by no means so many or so wealthy as now, they founded all sorts of charitable institutions—schools, colleges, chantries, hospitals. At present they subscribe just like anybody else, and their contribution often enough is not more liberal than that of men whose capital is no greater than their income. In the building of churches alone do a few of them make a show of rivaling their forefathers' munificence. But those subscriptions acknowledge the obligation. A millionaire who flatly refused to do anything for his fellow-creatures could not be charged with inconsistency at least. But he who gives a hundred guineas or so, when piling up hundreds of thousands for probate, admits, in effect, that he ought to do what he can. But if he chose, what could he not do? Our hospitals, for instance, make despairing appeals year by year. Their emissaries beg in the streets. They work through the Directory, and write to each householder. Their boxes stand in every public place. Of late they have addressed working-men. But all the while there are hundreds of capitalists—not less kind-hearted nor less intelligent than other people—who could set the largest of them on its legs for good and never feel the sacrifice, thousands who could do the like without reducing an item of expenditure. The action would be pleasant, one might think, and certainly it would win honour. Why do none of them perform it? Because, we apprehend, their perception is dulled by the strange malady which attends great wealth.

The diagnosis becomes more reasonable yet if we look beyond the calls of philanthropy to personal interests. Duties which are shared by all, such as that of relieving distress, may be overlooked by busy men—and all millionaires are busy somehow. But it may be said that each of them cherishes some private fancy—art or archaeology, science in one or other form, horticulture, or sport at least. But very few are they who use their opportunity even here. Many work hard—but only in the same groove with men who labour at the identical task for their livelihood. Take the easiest and commonest of such tastes. The millionaire who devoted a hundred thousand pounds to horse-breeding, consulting men of science as well as experts, might do endless good, with continual delight for himself, and found at least a new strain of thoroughbreds. But millionaires do not show enthusiasm for sport, commonly. Some, as is known to the select, apply themselves to science, and spend money which would represent a fabulous sum to the bulk of savants, but to them must be a trifle, in experiments and researches. We have heard, indeed, of a bold and costly undertaking which an eminent personage, still living, projected in his youth. He caused a magnet to be built, of such size and power as had not yet been imagined. It was his intention to charge this gigantic object without witnesses, so as to enjoy the unparalleled result in selfish solitude. Happily, a great authority called at the moment, and received an invitation to assist. When he saw the preparations his face paled. Neither he nor any one else could foretell what would happen if that twenty-foot magnet were set to work; but it was probable, at least, that the house would fall. The thing still remains, unchanged—or did a few years ago. But it is not recorded that this gentleman has devised any such scheme since he came into his patrimony.

Millionaires of culture must be interested in antiquarian researches which throw light upon the past. They commonly subscribe, indeed, when an enterprise of the sort is launched. But how much does English archaeology owe to them? We believe that twenty pounds was the largest contribution Thomas Wright could persuade any rich patron to advance towards uncovering Uriconium. Poor men did what was done mostly, and now that wonderful city is re-buried. Silchester is another instance of our own day. But, after all, British archaeology is a "one-horse" pursuit. The remains of Italy and Greece appeal to the

imagination in a very different degree; and not to our English millionaires alone, but to those of the civilized world. Which of them at any time has responded to that appeal beyond here or there offering a little cheque, such as poor authors and professors rival?

One would think that curiosity alone would tempt some of them to lay out a few superfluous thousands in exploring spots where marvels and treasures are known to exist. Not a few must be aware that the subsoil of the Hippodrome at Constantinople is a bed of broken sculptures, from which statues by Phidias and Myron may yet be unearthed. Some thirty years since, and again in our time, an opportunity arose to dam the stream of Tiber and secure the wondrous relics which certainly lie in its mud. The operation as designed might have been an outrage upon sentiment; but that was not the feeling which forbade every millionaire in Europe to offer any appreciable share of the hundred thousand pounds demanded. Again, there is a spot lying within the circuit of a few miles, in open country, where, as Gibbon puts it, the "most splendid spoils and trophies of old Rome" are still lying. What intelligent being can picture the grave of Alaric without a thrill? Why, evidently, rich people can! There are many people who could give a cheque at sight for all the money that would be needed to divert the Bucento, and lay that fabulous treasure-house bare. Not one, we may be certain, has ever thought of that glorious enterprise—since he came into his fortune, at least. For it cannot be supposed that he would not have done the work had he thought of it. That a whole class of men should be thus blind to their opportunities, whatever their nationality, or training, or character may be, is intelligible only on the supposition that great wealth generates a peculiar disease of the brain.

NAVAL GRIEVANCES AGAIN.

WHAT its critics call the "discreditable project," and its supporters describe as a modest attempt to secure "justice for naval officers," has continued to be a subject of debate in the Service papers since it was first made generally known by the *Times* about the middle of October. The *Times* has itself returned to the matter in the same spirit as before. As seems to be inevitable in naval quarrels, there has been no small display of acrimony, much personal animosity, and many innuendoes. If there has been some growling for growling's sake on one side, there has been on the other a good deal of assertion that the Service is going to the —, where it has been going at all times, in the opinion of some experienced officers, and that it is all the fault of the ill-conditioned and degenerate men concerned in the "discreditable project." It is superfluous to add that the effect of discussion in this tone is to make both sides more angry and obstinate than before, and notably to exasperate the officers who are accused of degrading "the Service" and undermining its discipline. Of course they are made more resolute than ever in asserting that they are an ill-used body of men.

There are really two questions at issue now which can be treated apart. The first is whether the officers' grievances are being represented in a becoming manner. The second is whether they have any foundation. We put the questions in this order, because it has been maintained that the irregularity of the course they have taken would deprive the officers of all claim to attention, whatever ground there might be for their complaints. This is simply the official tone, which is almost always mistaken, as it would be easy enough to show on general grounds. But it is simpler to assert the irregularity of the conduct of these officers than to prove it irregular. The offence of combination, to which it is said to amount, seems to be ill-defined. A first-class petty officer has just been tried by court-martial for it in the Mediterranean, and sentenced to a slight punishment, though it appears that he acted with the knowledge and even the sympathy of his Captain, who appeared as official prosecutor in the trial only by orders of the Admiral. If the Captain did not see the offence of combination in what the petty officer was doing, it would seem to be very ill defined. But it is difficult to see in what essential the conduct of the officers concerned in this so-called agitation differs from that of the engineers and the lieutenants on recent occasions, or from that of the captains and commanders whose grievances as to their half-pay were

represented to Parliament by Howe in 1773. It was never meant that either officers or men should be deprived of the power to petition for redress of grievances—even though they were of an imaginary character. A petition cannot be drawn up without common action. It remains to be seen whether the officers really intend to do more than to state their case in becoming terms. If, as we firmly believe they will, they display that moderation of language and modesty of demeanour which the House of Commons admired in the captains and commanders of 1773—then a great deal of moral thunder will have been wasted in a rather ludicrous manner. We are not unaware that this movement is criticized on other and much more respectable grounds. There are officers who are seriously offended at what they think looks too like an agitation on shore for increase of wages, conducted after the common model of such things. These officers—and they are not all admirals or lucky men—argue that the Queen's Service is a matter of honour and not of pay, that a gentleman does not enter it to become rich, and that agitations for the little increases of pay which are all that can be expected are undignified. They say that the cry out against bad pay and allowances arises from impatience with narrow means and from a desire for mere enjoyment—which it is no part of the State's duty to satisfy. They say that, unless a gentleman thinks money of less account than honour, he should not go into the navy, and they add that, with care and reasonable thrift, it is possible to live on the Queen's pay. With this and much more of the same character which is alleged against the "discreditable project" we have every sympathy. It will be a very bad day for the navy when these views cease to prevail among officers. Those who hold them strongly are naturally offended when other officers profess to dismiss them with a cynicism which is certainly in the vast majority of cases affected. And yet it must be allowed that the workman is worthy of his hire. Moreover, the State has not always appealed to the honour and patriotism of its officers only. It offered prize-money also. Beyond all doubt the hardships of the old navy, incomparably greater than those of to-day, were made endurable by the prospect, or even by the mere hope, of some day sharing the good fortune of Sir Charles Wager and Sir George Pocock, of Sir Hyde Parker and Sir Edward Hughes. Now, however, the gambling element has been almost wholly eliminated. The modern officer knows how unlikely it is that he will have more than the average lot—and, therefore, he wants it improved. The stirring ones certainly do, and their messmates look on with a favourable eye in the hope that some good in the shape of pay and allowances will come out of it.

The question whether the grievances of which the officers complain have any real foundation cannot be fully dealt with till we know what they are. At present what is accessible is only the circular which has been sent round to the ships. It does not follow that any considerable number of officers will be found to support all the eight claims which it contains. These eight, taken in succession, are:—

1. "That the rates of pay should be raised to a value equivalent to what they were when the amounts were fixed, allowing for the depreciation of money in the interval." The officer who wrote this was manifestly no witch at political economy, or he would have understood the appreciation of gold better. If naval salaries are insufficient, it is not for the absurd reason alleged here. We believe that for young lieutenants and officers of that standing the pay is very good as compared with what could be gained in salary on shore by young men. In the case of the older lieutenants, married men with no private means, there is no doubt often a severe pinch of poverty. But it will not improbably be found that the pay grievance is kept up rather from tradition than because it is keenly felt.

Claim 2 is "That naval officers should not pay Income-tax on their pay." There is ground for arguing that it is illegal to deduct income-tax from the pay of an officer who has been more than a year abroad.

Claim 3 is "That the payment of cooks, stewards, and domestics should be raised to a fair market price, so that it should be unnecessary for officers to have to supplement it." We believe that this servant grievance is much more one of terms of service than of money. There is no staff of cooks, stewards, &c., having a regular rate in the navy. They have to be hired for each commission, and are turned ashore when the ship is paid off. What officers want is not so much that they should be relieved of a part of their

mess expenses as that there should be a class of servants belonging permanently to the navy who, at the end of a commission, and when their leave was up, would report at the receiving-ship as other men do.

Claim 4. "That where bands form part of the complement the instruments, &c., should also be supplied." The long-shore mind cannot become passionate on this subject.

Claim 5. "That the length of a commission should not exceed three years." The Admiralty is of that opinion, too, and before we can say how far there is here a general grievance we should like to see a list of ships which have been kept out for more than three years during the last ten years.

Claim 6. "That for foreign service six weeks' full-pay leave should be allowed for each year's service, such leave to be cumulative." We believe that this claim is more interesting to the officers than all the rest put together. A foreign station may be pleasant, or an officer may have a run in China, or a spell of hunting in India, if his captain is willing and a messmate will do his work. But he may have spent his three years in very different circumstances. Whether or no, the fortnight per year of full-pay leave, which is all that can be obtained now, is little. Moreover, it is not a right, and is not enjoyed by any officer above the rank of lieutenant.

Claim 7. "That clear and distinct regulations should be issued, showing the nature of the agreement between officers and the Admiralty as to the time during which officers are liable to serve." As this is worded, it sounds as if the officers who drafted it wished to have a contract drawn up, in which their duties would be exactly defined. We understand that what it was meant to mean is that the Admiralty should state, once for all, under what circumstances, and during what time, it claims the right to refuse an officer leave to retire. There is a question of principle in this, which it would take some space to discuss. In reality, the difficulty out of which this dispute has arisen is the direct fruit of Mr. Childers's success in cutting the staff of the navy down to the quick. The only remedy is an increase in the number of officers which will make the Admiralty indifferent to the service of any particular man; but then there will have to be a reserve of officers on half-pay, and that will be another grievance.

Claim 8. "That officers should receive table-money at the rate of two shillings a day for wardroom officers." This, on the face of it, is a demand for two shillings a day more pay. We understand that the two shillings was fixed upon because the Admiralty allows that amount to officers of the Royal Naval Reserve when serving in the navy, in addition to their pay and allowances, which are the same as those of other officers. But it is explained to be in reality a request for an allowance to meet those expenses of official hospitalities which at present fall on the officers themselves. Lord Salisbury made a grant for the reception of the French squadron at Portsmouth; but this was an exception. In foreign navies some such allowance is commonly made.

These are the eight claims, and when they are looked at coolly, it cannot be said that they are very startling or revolutionary.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE stock markets were agitated last week by alarmist rumours respecting the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation—rumours which have since been officially contradicted. The Corporation was founded in 1887 with a nominal capital of 2 millions in 199,900 Ordinary shares of 10*l.* each and 100 Founder's shares. On both classes of shares only 3*l.* have been called up. The Corporation has done a very large and active business since its establishment, having brought out and assisted in the creation of several other Trusts, and also having issued several loans. At one time the Founder's shares of the nominal value of 10*l.*, with only 3*l.* paid, were quoted in the market at 8,000*l.* It is said that they have recently been offered at under 200*l.* The Ordinary shares on Tuesday of last week were about 2½. On Wednesday they fell to little more than 2, and on Thursday they went down to 15*s.* They have since recovered to about 1½, and sometimes even been quoted at 1½. Amongst the issues brought out by the Corporation some years ago was 2 million dollars of First Mortgage Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Kansas

City, Wyandotte, and North-Western Railway Company. The interest on those bonds has not been paid since 1890, and a couple of weeks ago a Committee formed to protect the bondholders sold them at 26½ per cent. to Mr. Jay Gould. They were subscribed for in London at 97½ per cent. The announcement of the sale to Mr. Jay Gould at such a price naturally attracted a great deal of attention in the market, and rumours were circulated that proceedings would be taken against the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation in connexion with the affair. While these rumours were spreading an announcement was made that the New York Brewery Company was unable to pay a dividend on its ordinary shares. This Company was brought out here by the Corporation, and in April last it had paid 5 per cent., and the discovery that it had not earned enough to pay any more for the year naturally caused great disappointment, and again directed attention to the Trustees Corporation. People then began to call to mind that the Corporation had busied itself with the giving assistance to Messrs. de Murrieta & Co. while they were still struggling to keep themselves afloat. It was said that they had not only taken some of the Murrieta securities, but that they had given very inconvenient guarantees, and in various other ways that they had made themselves liable. How far the rumours are correct we do not pretend to know, in all probability they are greatly exaggerated. But there is no question, all the same, that some of those who were induced to give assistance to Messrs. de Murrieta are very dissatisfied with the way in which the assistance was obtained, and, in fact, it will be in the recollection of some of our readers that the Imperial Ottoman Bank in particular took action which finally compelled Messrs. de Murrieta to go into liquidation. As already stated, an official contradiction has been given to the rumours, and there has been a considerable recovery in the price of the shares; still there is an anxious feeling in the City. The Corporation, it is true, has an uncalled capital of 1,400,000*l.*, and at the end of December last it had a reserve fund of 650,000*l.*; consequently at the end of December of last year it had total disposable assets of over 2 millions, without reckoning the various good securities it held. But, on the other hand, the Corporation has issued debentures amounting to half a million, and has pledged its uncalled capital as a security for the debentures. The uncalled capital is more than twice the amount of the debentures, without reckoning the reserve fund; but then it is probable that the debentureholders would insist upon being paid off if any portion of the uncalled capital were to be called up. It is this which chiefly disquiets the Stock Exchange. Assuming that the shareholders are all solvent, and would be able to pay any call that might be made, it is still evident that at a time like the present a call large enough to redeem the debentures, and to meet any losses that might have to be provided for, would be so heavy as to cause grave inconvenience. But the Corporation assures the public that the rumours are unfounded. If so, there is no necessity for a call, and the alarm of the City is quite ungrounded. So far as the general public is concerned, the chief interest in the alarm that sprang up so suddenly last week is the force it gives to the demand so often made that Trust Companies of all kinds should regularly publish a list of the securities in which they have invested the monies of their shareholders. According to the Report of the Trustees, &c., Corporation on the last day of December last, its total assets, without reckoning either the reserve fund or the uncalled capital, amounted to very nearly 2½ millions. Of this amount over 1,600,000*l.* consists of various securities the nature of which is not disclosed. They are all grouped together under the heading "Consols, Debenture Bonds and Stocks, Preference Securities, Ordinary Shares, &c." Consols, of course, are perfectly good; but then there is no information as to what proportion is borne by Consols to the total amount of 1,600,000*l.*; and no information, also, is given as to the kind of debenture bonds and stocks, preference securities, and ordinary shares held. If all these are really good, and if the public had been told what they are, so that it could judge for itself, it is impossible that mere rumours such as alarmed the Stock Exchange last week could have caused the heavy fall in the shares that occurred. But the public has no means of judging for itself whether the securities are good or bad, and the Stock Exchange, therefore, is liable to be disturbed by every idle rumour.

The value of money is decidedly falling, the discount rate

in the open market being now barely 1½ per cent., a decline of over ½ per cent. in a week. This is unfortunate, and we venture to think that the Directors of the Bank of England are neglecting their duty in failing to protect their reserve, for the silver crisis is now clearly reaching an acute stage, and at any moment we may have hoarding of gold in the United States upon a great scale, and a serious disturbance of every money market in the world.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 38½*d.* per ounce. It is now recognized everywhere that the Brussels Conference will end in nothing, and that the repeal of the American Silver Purchase Act of 1890 is imminent. When that repeal takes place, there is only too likely to be a scare in the market, and such a fall in the value of silver as will not only seriously depreciate all silver securities, but will likewise throw into confusion the whole trade with the silver using countries. It is quite possible—nay, it is even probable—that there will be a rapid recovery after a while; but in the meantime it is natural that every one should look out for grave troubles, and consequently that there should be widespread anxiety.

The silver crisis has overshadowed throughout the week all departments of business. The stock markets have been depressed; on Wednesday, indeed, there was almost a scare, all silver securities having fallen considerably in consequence of the decline in silver. There is evidently very great uneasiness all over the United States. People fear that gold may be hoarded. Every one—even the least informed—now sees that the Government has made a disastrous mistake. It admits as much itself; and, unfortunately, the Treasury does not hold enough of gold to make it clear that it can fulfil its obligations immediately. If there were to be anything like a run upon the Treasury, there would be sure to be a crisis. The Government, no doubt, could borrow in gold, and after a while could prove to demonstration that it is strong enough to fulfil all its engagements. But, in the meantime, there might be great confusion in New York, with numerous failures and a fresh shock to credit. Furthermore, if, as now seems certain, the American Act of 1890 is repealed, the question will arise, What will the Indian Government do? That will add to the general apprehension. If India decides on a gold standard, which would be most unwise from every point of view, we might have India, the United States, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Germany, and France all attempting to raise large loans in gold at the same time. The scramble for the metal would then become such that no man of business would know what to expect, and the shock to credit would be very serious. It is quite possible, of course, that all these dangers may be averted. Congress, for example, may repeal the Act of 1890 without delay, and confidence thereby may be restored in the United States. And the Indian Government, it is to be hoped, will be wise enough not to legislate in a panic. If so, the demand for gold may not materially increase, and, though there is sure to be trouble, it may be short-lived and much less serious than is now anticipated. But the outlook is so obscure, and there are so many possible dangers, it is natural that uneasiness should pervade the whole commercial community, and that operators on the Stock Exchange should be unwilling to engage in new risks. Under those circumstances the investing public will do well to act with great caution. If they do so, they will probably be able to buy with advantage to themselves by-and-by. There is little change to report either in South America or on the Continent; but everywhere the prevailing uneasiness is leading to stagnation in business.

The Board of Trade Returns for November are unsatisfactory. The value of the imports was 38,898,000*l.*, a decrease of not far short of 5 millions, or about 11½ per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was a little over 18½ millions, a decrease of somewhat less than a quarter of a million, or not quite 1½ per cent. On the other hand, there was an increase in the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise. There has been a large increase in the imports of articles liable to Customs duties—cocoa, raisins, tea, spirits, wine, and tobacco. But there has been a falling off of over 2½ millions in articles of food and drink not liable to duty, and over 2 millions in raw materials for textile manufactures. The falling off is to a considerable extent in prices only; especially this is true of exports; indeed, the volume of the exports is larger than in November of last year, although

the value is somewhat lower. This is rather an encouraging sign, as it indicates that the cheapness is stimulating the foreign demand.

The chief movements of the week have been in silver securities, which are all lower. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at 63½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; Mexican Internal closed at 25, a fall of 2; Mexican Sixes closed at 77½, a fall of 2½; Mexican Railway First Preference Stock closed at 77, a fall of 2½; Mexican Central Railway Four per Cent. Bonds closed at 66½, a fall of 3; and the First Income Bonds closed at 24, a fall of 4. But there has been a rise at the same time of 1½ in Consols, which closed on Thursday at 97½, and other first-class securities are steady or higher. There has been little change in Home Railway stocks. Brighton "A," which has fluctuated recently a great deal, closed on Thursday at 149½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; while Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 104, a fall of 1. In the American market there has been very little movement, but Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday at 80½, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; Lake Shore closed at 133½, a rise of ½; and Louisville and Nashville closed at 72½, a rise of 1½. On Thursday there was a considerable rise in Argentine Government Bonds, after about a week of depression. The Five per Cents of 1866 closed at 68½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾; and the Funding Loan closed also at 68½, a rise of 1. But railway stocks are generally lower. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 76-8, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 122-4, a fall of 3; and Central Argentine closed at 69, a fall of 2. In the inter-bourse market Greeks and Portuguese are lower. Greek '81 closed at 68½, a fall of 1; and Portuguese closed at 22½, a fall of ¼; but Russian closed at 98½, a rise of ½; and Spanish closed at 64½, a rise of 1½.

A COLLECTION OF GEMS.

MR. EDWIN STREETER is now showing at his Museum in New Bond Street an interesting collection of gems, of which the most prominent are the sapphires from the Montana mines. These stones, which have attracted a good deal of attention lately, are to be seen in all their stages, from the rough pebble to the finished jewel, in various sizes and in many beautiful colours—pale straw, blue, green, violet, and the red variety more commonly known as the ruby. The place where they are found is said to be an ancient river-bed; and not only are stones of considerable size found there, but the entire soil is a fine dust composed of tiny gems, which of course are only fit to be ground up for cutting and polishing purposes. A curious point about the sapphires from this district is that they are all marked on both sides with a clearly-defined equilateral triangle. Simply as a curiosity is shown what is said to be the largest black diamond yet discovered. It is not particularly beautiful, resembling a lump of blacklead more than anything else, but its hardness is very great. To polish it a year's work has been sacrificed, and in reducing it from 169½ carats, in the rough, to a brilliant of 66 carats, 150 carats of bort (impure diamond) have been used. A sister stone of 160 carats has also just reached Mr. Streeter. Not the least attractive of the Bond Street jewels are the ornaments made of Chrysoprase, a stone almost forgotten by the general public. This is a silica of a pretty apple-green colour derived from the presence of oxide of nickel, slightly translucent, and very hard. It is a modest, unobtrusive stone, and makes up so well with diamonds, that it is difficult to understand why it went out of fashion. We are very much afraid, however, Mr. Streeter's authority to the contrary notwithstanding, that this is not the substance of the tenth foundation of the Heavenly Jerusalem as given in the Revelations, which was probably an Indian or Egyptian stone, the present variety being found only in the mine of Kosmütz, in Silesia.

FOOTBALL ACCIDENTS.

FOLLOWING closely on the fatal accident in the course of a Rugby "house-run" came the intelligence of a death at Haileybury resulting from a charge at football. Ever since our winter game became the sport of the masses—to be played by hundreds of thousands on their Saturday half-holiday during seven or eight months out of the twelve—it has been the delight of opponents of football to search out the records of accidents, whether fatal or not, and dilate upon them in the public prints. Happily, at our famous public schools a serious disaster is of the rarest occurrence. Accidents, as we know, are certain to happen under the best-regulated conditions, but the entirely healthy tone of the game as played at a public school, and the wholesome supervision that forbids the boy of delicate constitution to participate, have so reduced the chances of serious accident that they are hardly calculable. In the cause of the weaker brethren and mothers, it is satisfactory to learn that the match in which the Haileybury boy was taking part was being duly administered by a referee, and that there was no suspicion of undue roughness or unfair play. A fall of a nature that might have occurred at any other sport was the cause of an internal injury which, unfelt at the time, resulted two days afterwards in death.

That football is a rough game when properly played goes without saying. This is, no doubt, one of its merits in the eyes of a healthy boy, who would much prefer to take his chances in such a match as that described in *Tom Brown* rather than to engage in the lamentable parody of the sport so well depicted by Mr. Anstey in *Vice Versa*. Pluck, dash, and resolution are all essentials to successful play, and in no other game are these desirable qualities to be more readily acquired. There is also a spice of danger such as is to be found in almost every British sport, old or new. It is a matter of frequent question as to which of the two great codes—Rugby or Association—is the rougher and the cause of the greater numbers of accidents. The votaries of the one will be found, as a rule, to pronounce against the other, while those who have never had an active share in either generally assume the dribbling game to be the less violent, a decision which in many cases is due to the fact that Rugby football was in times past a decidedly barbarous pastime, with its hacking over, shinning, and tripping, whereof the tradition has survived the prohibition. Of the two games, however, there can be little question that Association lends itself the more readily to intentional rough play. Now such ill-behaviour is deplorable, if only because it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the game; but unfortunately it is not unknown, even at schools. An unpopular player will often be "marked" and "gone for" without sufficient occasion, and the element of brutality, thus introduced, is certain to spread unless properly checked. In school football this taint is usually confined to such events as house-matches, where party spirit runs high, and the players are urged on by the shouts of excited spectators. It also not uncommonly shows itself in the annual encounters between two rival schools. Among the professional clubs in the North of England and the Midlands this objectionable form of roughness—which is entirely the fault of the player, and in no way countenanced, much less encouraged, by the game—has gradually attained formidable dimensions. The multitude of League and Cup competitions has so increased that an ordinary match (which has come to be known as a "friendly game") is almost a rare occurrence. Spectators assemble in tens of thousands to hawl themselves hoarse over their respective champions, and as much money changes hand over the result as over a local race-meeting. The players themselves are mostly professionals, whose salary and "bonuses" depend entirely upon their prowess; and, though in Scotland professionalism is still nominally forbidden, the conditions there are very little different from those that prevail in England. The same is also the case with Rugby football in the North, where professionalism cannot remain much longer unveiled. Even in the South of England, where amateurism is still prevalent, the large majority of the players now belong to the rougher classes, and are on occasions sadly deficient in sportsmanlike behaviour.

To cope with unfair play and improper conduct, as well as to adjudicate on all disputed points of the game, both the Rugby and Association codes appoint a referee. This official is gifted with extreme powers, being able to sum-

marily order an offending player to leave the ground, and to suspend the game at his discretion. His own place is in the centre of the field of play, as near the ball as possible, among the players and surrounded by the yelling crowds, who mightily resent any decision which appears to them unfair against their side. It is a position to which, one might think, few men would aspire, nor is it surprising that, in a large number of cases, the referee loses his head, and fails to do his duty by the game, more especially in the matter of undue roughness. Until last season he had the moral support of at least one of the two umpires, but these underlings are now banished to watch the touch-lines only. It is not easy to suggest how this unsatisfactory state of things may be remedied. It would clearly be futile to increase the powers of the referee, but it is possible that some good might be effected by extending the definitions of unfair play. There can be no question that a large number of football accidents result from this ill-temper being allowed to run unchecked; on the other hand, it is obviously impossible to prevent accidents altogether, whether in football or any other vigorous exercise.

RECENT CONCERTS.

BERLIOZ'S *Faust*, which was performed at the Albert Hall on the 23rd ult., is hardly suited either to the vast building or to the Royal Choral Society. The charm and brilliancy of the orchestration are necessarily lost in a hall where the tone of the strings is invariably deadened; besides which, the choral writing is not massive enough, and demands too great delicacy of treatment for a very large choir; while Sir Joseph Barnby, excellent conductor though he is in many respects, has too strict a feeling for exact time to conduct Berlioz's score to perfection. In spite of these disadvantages, the performance was, on the whole, a good one. Yet better, in every respect, was the performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, last Wednesday. With the exception of the slow pace at which the *finale* to Scene iii. was taken, there was little, if any, cause for fault-finding. Mme. Albani and Mr. Ben Davies renewed the triumphs of former performances by their fine singing of the music allotted to Elsie, Prince Henry, and Lucifer; while two new-comers, Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Edward Epstein, produced a most favourable impression as Ursula and the Forester. Miss Butt especially is likely to be a valuable accession to the thin ranks of English contraltos. Her voice is of pure quality and not wanting in power, and she sings with good style and a commendable absence of affectation. Her enunciation leaves something to be desired, but her singing of the scena "Virgin so lowly," in Scene v., was so good that the audience insisted upon an encore; an honour which was also bestowed upon the choral singing of the hymn "O gladsome Light!" The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which deservedly takes the leading place among such bodies, gave an interesting concert on the evening of the 26th. The programme opened with Goetz's beautiful and too seldom played Symphony in F, of which a more than creditable performance was given. The work is by no means easy; but, in spite of a few slips, it was played with spirit and with a considerable degree of finish. Equally good was the orchestral playing of the accompaniments to Saint-Saëns's graceful Caprice "Wedding-Cake," the solo part of which was played with much brilliancy by Mlle. Janotha. Amongst the other numbers of the programme special praise must be awarded the four ladies who constitute the "Queen Vocal Quartet," for their finished singing of two beautiful part-songs of Brahms's—the second of which, "Fischerlied," had to be repeated. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. George Mount, whose efficiency would not be diminished by his abandoning an irritating habit of beating time with one foot, the stamps of which are only too audible.

At Mr. Henschel's Third Symphony Concert (Dec. 1st) Brahms's Double Concerto, Op. 102, for Violin and Violoncello, was the chief quasi-novelty. The work was at first pronounced in many quarters to be obscure and uninteresting; but there can be no doubt that it improves immensely on acquaintance, and its performance on this occasion produced a very favourable impression. The solo parts were carefully and correctly played by M. Gorski and Herr Fuchs; but neither artist displayed any very remarkable degree of *feu sacré*. The Symphony of the evening was Raff's popular "Lenore," descriptive of Burger's ballad—a

work which appeals to the groundlings more than it does to the trained musician. It sounded doubly weak by contrast with Brahms's scholarly Concerto. The only vocal number was Elsa's scene from Act ii. of *Lohengrin*, which was carefully sung by Miss Evangeline Florence. The programme also included the Overtures to *Oberon* and *Die Meistersinger*, the former of which was much better played than the latter.

At the Crystal Palace Concerts there has been little to chronicle. An ultra-Wagnerian Symphonic Poem, "The Passing of Beatrice," from the pen of Mr. William Wallace, was brought to a hearing on Saturday week, and proved chiefly remarkable for its vagueness of tonality, want of rhythm, and general lack of interest. Wagner is a dangerous guide to a young composer, and Mr. Wallace, like a good many others, will probably find in the end that it is safer to keep to the old paths until he has developed a style of his own. The Symphony at this concert was Schumann's in C, of which a very fine performance was given, as was also the case last Saturday, when Mr. Manns's band played Beethoven's "Eroica" in admirable style. The programme also included Mendelssohn's unfinished "Christus," and Dr. Bridge's setting of "Crossing the Bar"—a *pièce d'occasion* which was hardly worth the trouble of production at Sydenham.

Among the recent concerts of chamber-music, that given by Mr. Dannreuther on the 29th deserves a chief place. The programme suffered from undue length, including as it did two pianoforte Quintets (those by Brahms and Stanford), Dvořák's Trio for Violins and Viola (Op. 74), Hubert Parry's Violoncello Sonata in A, and songs by Bach and Brahms; but, in spite of this, the interest of every number was so great, and the performances were so good, that no one could have wished the concert to be shorter. Though there were no novelties, an opportunity of hearing again Professor Stanford's Quintet and Dr. Parry's Sonata was most welcome. Both are works of which England may be justly proud, and both are far too fine to be allowed to fall into oblivion.

The programmes of Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts during the last fortnight have been unusually interesting. On the 28th ult. Dvořák's String Quartet, Op. 51, and Brahms's Third Violin Sonata were the chief features of the evening. Miss Fanny Davies played Mendelssohn's little known Prelude and Fugue in B minor, from Op. 35, and (for an encore) one of the same composer's "Lieder ohne Worte." The vocalist was Miss Nancy McIntosh, who was encoired in Mr. Henschel's graceful setting of "My love is like the red, red rose." Her singing is artistic; but her voice is not very strong, and should not be forced, as she seems inclined to do at times. Last Saturday afternoon a repetition of Brahms's "Liebeslieder" attracted a large audience. The programme opened with the same composer's fine Sextet for strings in G major, Op. 36, which was carefully played by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Piatti. The pianist was Miss Adelina de Lara, whose solo consisted of two of Schubert's most hackneyed Impromptus, neither of which she succeeded in investing with any degree of new interest. Last Monday evening St. James's Hall was filled to overflowing, the appearance of M. Paderewski, the pianist, and Herr Mühlfeld, the clarinetist, proving a great attraction. The latter was only heard in Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, the leading part in which he played with a perfection of expression and execution such as could not be surpassed. His phrasing and delicate gradations of tone in the lovely Larghetto were quite admirable, and his whole performance fully confirmed the impression his playing in Brahms's Clarinet Quintet created at these concerts last season. He was well supported by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, though the omission of the first-named artist to remove the mute from her violin during the opening of the Minuet produced an effect certainly not contemplated by Mozart. M. Paderewski's solo was Chopin's Sonata in B minor. His playing of the opening movement and of the Andante was very fine, the latter especially being full of poetry; but the finale was marred by some of the defects which were noticeable when he first appeared in this country: the tempo was hurried, and the tone was occasionally unpleasantly forced. The enthusiastic demand for an encore which followed was responded to by Chopin's Study in Arpeggios. The concert ended with Beethoven's Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, a curiously tame performance.

of which was given by the Polish pianist, Lady Hallé, and Signor Piatti. Though extremely correct, it was quite wanting in the humour and fire so characteristic of the work.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

SINCE the exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club not long since there has been on view nothing so completely representative of miniature painting as the Historical Collection of Miniatures and Enamels at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. Here, indeed, among the five hundred examples shown are included not a few that formed part of the previous exhibition. The term "historical" is well applied to this fine collection, and with much aptness does the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, in her catalogue-sketch of the art and the masters, illustrate the historical interest of the English and foreign works exhibited. It is impossible not to regret that there should be no prospect that one portion of the collection—the English section of historical miniatures—should not become the nucleus for a national collection. The redistribution by sale of these seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits is a matter for lament. It is a pity that we possess no National Gallery of miniature paintings, and here was the opportunity for making a good start with what could not but prove an excellent and much-needed addition to the National Portrait Gallery. Many famous persons are numbered among the authentic, and probably authentic, portraits, with a good proportion of the signed work of celebrated artists, such as Samuel Cooper, Miereveldt, Hoskins, Zincke, Isabey—whose "Wellington" (283) should surely be in our National Gallery of miniatures—Robertson, Henry Bone, Angelica Kauffmann, Smart, Cosway, Shelley, and many more. Among these may be noted the "Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland" (149), by Hoskins; "William, Prince of Orange" (154), by Cooper; an extremely fine portrait of Richard Cromwell's father-in-law, "Richard Major" (166); "John Milton" (50), "a very truculent sectarian" does he show here; portraits in pencil of "Sir George Rooke" (46), by Faber, and of "Charles II." (47), by White; "William the Silent" (72), a beautiful work by Miereveldt; "Horace Walpole" (242), by Hone; "Bolingbroke" (249), by Zincke; "Queen Charlotte" (281), by Henry Bone; "Garriek" (312), by Engleheart; "Mrs. Siddons" (335), by Shelley; "Sheridan" (340), by Smart; "Lady Hamilton" (364), by Robertson, the fine portrait from the Hamilton Palace collection; a charming "Angelica Kauffmann" (341), by herself, with a sentimental inscription to a friend; and the "Lord Byron" (441) presented by the poet to Hoppner, which strongly recalls Macclise's well-known drawing. Among the French paintings are some exquisite works by Dubourg, Petitot, Rosalba, Carriera. Nos. 118 and 129, the latter a portrait of "Madame Favart," are delightfully reminiscent of the age of Boucher and Lancret. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic times are well represented by Vien's "Mirabeau" (190); "St.-Just" (197); "Tallien" (208); "Mme. de Staël" (212), and various portraits of Napoleon and of members of his family by Isabey, with a portrait of Isabey himself (192) by Jean Baptiste Augustin. When we have mentioned such interesting specimens of older work as the "Sir Francis Drake" (24); the "Wife of Franz Hals" (19), by De Keyser; the "Maurice of Nassau" (2), by Miereveldt, and the fine portrait of Swanevelt by himself (18), we have by no means exhausted the many aspects of interest the collection presents.

At the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, there are exhibited some sixty water-colour drawings by Mr. H. B. Brabazon, an amateur artist, whose work is now for the first time introduced to the public, at the instance, it would seem, of certain professional painters. In a preface of judicious and sympathetic commendation by Mr. John Sargent, which accompanies the catalogue, the original source of the poetic and singularly penetrative charm of Mr. Brabazon's sketches is very happily attributed to an "exquisite sensitiveness to impressions of nature." Combined with this gift of the poetic temperament we are impressed by a mastery of expression which is by no means frequently found in alliance with a delicate and deep sensitiveness to the infinite manifestations of the moods of nature. For, though it is true of painters, as of poets, that many

are born painters that want the accomplishment of art, yet is it not less obvious that many more are made painters of the schools that are wholly lacking in the vision and the faculty divine. Mr. Brabazon's impressionistic sketches are notable for beauty of colour and wealth of suggestion. They record the impression of a moment with wonderful fullness and force, with so skilful an effacement of the means that leaves the attainment freed, as it were, from all evidence of method. We are minded by the masterly record of momentary impressions, such as are preserved in the "Rochers Rouges, Mentone" (39), "Amalfi" (41), the Venetian drawings (6, 45, 49), and the extremely subtle "Sunset, Sussex" (63), of the realization of Faust's desire, so magical is the record of the arrested moment of impression and so complete is the elimination of alien elements.

An exhibition of great interest has been held during the present week at the Hall of Barnard's Inn, Holborn. It comprises a selection of drawings by Daniel Vierge, a Spanish artist who has long enjoyed high repute among those who work in black and white, especially in Paris, where much of his admirable and very original book-illustration has been designed at the commission of certain French publishers. Among the examples shown at Barnard's Inn are the illustrations for "Pablo de Segovia," which are certainly calculated to arouse the admiration of those who are unacquainted with the whole range of the artist's achievements. Whether Mr. Joseph Pennell's exaltation of Vierge above the old German and Flemish masters will be found equally admirable by the critical, is a matter that seems more dubious.

THE THEATRES.

MR. R. C. CARTON'S play, *Liberty Hall*, is designed to show the means adopted by a man whose pride forbids him to use the accident of birth and fortune to win a woman's love. This modern exemplar of the Lord of Burleigh is a baronet, Sir Hartley Chilworth, and the weak part of Mr. Carton's clever and entertaining piece is that Sir Hartley relinquishes the aids of birth and fortune, not because he is in love, or for any other good reason, but from unaccountable whim. Mr. Carton, it appears to us, ought to have made Chilworth see and love his cousin Blanche, and then, if he chose to make the attempt to win her in the guise of "Mr. Owen," a humble friend of the wandering Baronet, his motive would have been comprehensible. As it is, Chilworth, bearing a letter from himself, visits the house, is announced as "Mr. Owen" to the orphaned daughter of his predecessor in the title, and, as it happens, then falls in love with her so irredeemably that he follows her to the squalid shop her uncle keeps in Bloomsbury, lives there as a lodger, and only proclaims his identity after acting as good angel to the bankrupt shopkeeper, and preventing the elopement of Blanche's younger sister Amy. We must have motive in our plays if they are to pass muster as works of art, and no motive is to be detected for Sir Hartley Chilworth's proceedings. Of course we are told by the family solicitor that Sir Hartley is eccentric; but when we come to make his intimate acquaintance we perceive that this is not the case; on the contrary, he is extremely shrewd, and in every way reasonable, except in his fantastic desire to appear in other than his own proper person.

In spite of this defect in the groundwork of Mr. Carton's *Liberty Hall*, it is a particularly well-written and interesting play, in curious contrast to the flashiness of the last piece at this house—Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The life of the Bloomsbury second-hand bookseller's shop, where the simple-minded Uncle Todman receives his niece and lets a room to "Mr. Owen," as Sir Hartley pleases to call himself, has much in it that is both sympathetic and humorous. We grow a little tired, indeed, of the domineering servant-maid's references to the obstinacy of the boiler and rapid depletion of the coal-cellar, and the proceedings at Todman's party are tedious. Mr. Carton has so much tact and taste that we wonder at the introduction of such creatures of fourth-rate farce as the Hicksons. Is it possible that Mr. Carton has condescended to copy Mr. Wilde? In *Lady Windermere's Fan* the entire part of one of the actresses consisted of two words. She often said "Yes, mama," and that moreover without any great variety of tone; that was all, but the repetition was amusing. In *Liberty Hall* Hickson says little else

except "Sit down," and it is not amusing in the least. For the most part, however, Mr. Carton's dialogue is marked by literary merit, the characters express themselves naturally and well, and there is not seldom humour in their utterances. Several scenes, too, are notably good, for as incidents they are effective, they develop the characters of the personages engaged, and they duly carry on the plot; from which it will be understood that Mr. Carton possesses constructive ability. Perhaps it is on the drawing of Blanche that the dramatist has bestowed most pains. At first she is antagonistic to Mr. Owen; he strives vainly to please her, and only succeeds in giving offence: still, she never loses the regard of the audience—a fact which speaks well for the discrimination of author and actress alike—and her gradual response to his patient devotion is very prettily indicated. Her uncle is with much reluctance pleading the cause of an abnormally vulgar brother tradesman, to whom he owes a large sum of money, and who wants to marry Blanche; she supposes at first that it is for Mr. Owen that he is speaking—though why he should do so, as Mr. Owen is so well able to speak for himself, does not appear—and it is delicately shown that Mr. Owen is not unacceptable to her, in spite of a measure of contempt with which she has been inclined to treat one whom she regards as a social inferior.

It should be said that the character of Blanche is played by Miss Marion Terry, a delightful exponent of gentle womanliness, though Blanche has her weaknesses—being made thereby the more natural—of which a somewhat undue pride is the chief. It is the surrender of this pride before the advance of love which gives an interest to the character, and Miss Terry suggests this with admirable skill. Mr. Alexander's Chilworth is also an excellent realization of the author's idea. If an improvement could be made—though in truth there is not much that could be altered with advantage—it would be a little more variety of tone in some of the longer speeches; but Mr. Alexander's quiet style is extremely effective. He and Miss Marion Terry are particularly good in an ingeniously devised episode at the end of the second act, where Chilworth has prevented Amy from eloping, and is consoling her in brotherly fashion when Blanche enters the room, and very naturally supposes that she has interrupted a love passage. We have often been inclined to fancy Mr. Righton prone to exaggeration; but as Todman he entirely redeems his character in this respect, and plays with taste and judgment. Mr. Ben Webster is to be commended for his performance of Harringay, Amy's lover; and as Amy Miss Maude Millett is better than usual, for the affectations which have usually disfigured her acting are suppressed. Mr. Nutecombe Gould has a small part which no art could possibly raise to any distinction. Mr. H. H. Vincent goes through an easy task creditably, and Master Saker shows exceptional aptitude as Todman's shopboy.

At the Comedy Theatre Mr. Charles Brookfield has essayed with considerable success a task which many experts would have been inclined to pronounce impossible. Some of M. Sardou's plays lend themselves readily to adaptation. *Les Pattes de Mouche*, for instance, can be made as effective in its English form as in its French; but *Divorçons*, on which Mr. Brookfield has founded his *To-day*, can only be described as essentially French. The passage of the Divorce Laws rather more than ten years ago gave MM. Sardou and de Najac—the name of the second partner seems to have slipped out of memory—their theme, and at the Palais-Royal, in December 1882, *Divorçons* was first presented. Before any attempt at adaptation was possible, it was necessary to find some incident in English law that might be held to correspond with the foundation of the French authors' idea, and this Mr. Brookfield has discovered with no small appositeness in the Jackson case. The general principle being once accepted that a wife can legally do pretty much what she pleases, and that a husband can readily efface himself, all sorts of possibilities arise, amongst others the chance of giving sufficient colour to a plot founded on *Divorçons*. On the whole, Mr. Brookfield has followed the French, though his own ready wit finds scope in the dialogue. The main points of difference between the original and the English version are that Bertie Twyford, the Anglicized Adhémar, is one of a little fellowship of fatuity—the gregarious geese, it must be admitted with regret, being recognizable types of an existing class—and that the scene in the private room of the restaurant is transferred to the public room of a favourite dining place, necessitating, of

course, the introduction of diners. In other respects Mr. Brookfield has wisely had regard for the original. He is anything but a conventional writer, and it is strange, therefore, that at the beginning of the play he has not hit on some more novel expedient than the too familiar plan of making gossiping servants explain the position of affairs in the household where they are employed. The English author's wit should have shown him a way out of the beaten track, and he might have perceived that the episode which deals with the one spray of flowers between three claimants was a mistake. An amiable desire to strengthen poor parts probably led to the writing of this scene; but the play drags while the actors labour at their small opportunity.

There are really only three parts in *To-day*, as there were in *Divorçons*—those three set personages of the French stage, husband, wife, and lover—but, in writing of the piece, recognition must once more be made of the French authors' novel idea of covering the lover, not the husband, with ridicule. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne play the Protheros, formerly M. and Mme. des Prunelles, and Mr. Brookfield is the Bertie Twyford, hitherto Adhémar. Mr. Hawtrey has lied like truth so very often in so many plays that when he descends to the simple expedient of telling the truth we scarcely believe him. The portrayal of emotion is certainly not among Mr. Hawtrey's best gifts as a comedian, and he is not very well suited here; but his tact carries him through. Miss Lottie Venne only needs a shade more refinement to make her an altogether excellent Mrs. Prothero. The part is not an easy one—for she talks wisely and acts foolishly—but it presents the actress's ability in a very favourable light. Mr. Brookfield's Twyford is an observant study from life, enriched by the exponent's keen sense of humour. Perhaps in some of the details the sketch approaches caricature; but really the class of creature that the actor satirizes is absurd beyond measure.

REVIEWS.

MR. GRANT ALLEN ON THE ATTIS.*

MR. GRANT ALLEN, the facile and versatile, does not often "drop into poetry," he tells us, and his excuse for presenting us with a metrical version of the *Attis* of Catullus is that nearly twenty years ago, when he read it with a class of students in "an abortive little Government college" in Jamaica, he noticed—apparently with surprise—that his lads had not "the slightest conception of the literary merit and human interest of that marvellous outburst of impassioned song." We can present Mr. Allen with a better apology for his attempt in what fair critics—understanding the nearly insuperable difficulties—will admit to be its success. Let us quote a sample:—

So, aroused from feverish slumber and of feverish frenzy freed,
As soon as Attis pondered in heart on his passionate deed,
And with mind undimmed bethought him where he stood and
how unmanned,

Seething in soul he hurried back to the seaward strand;
And he gazed on the waste of waters, and the tears brimmed
full in his eye;

And he thus bespake his fatherland in a plaintive, womanish
cry—

O fatherland that bare me! O fatherland my home!

In an evil hour I left thee on the boundless deep to roam.

As a slave who flees his master I fled from thy nursing breast,

To dwell in the desolate forest upon Ida's rugged crest;

To lurk in the snows of Ida, by the wild beasts' frozen lair;

To haunt the lonely thickets in the icy upper air.

Oh, where dost thou lie, my fatherland, in the ocean's broad
expanse?

For my very eyeball hungers upon thee to turn its glance,
While my soul for a little moment is free from its frenzied
trance.

Since Mr. Allen prints the Latin text we need have no delicacy about applying what is not always a fair test. The original runs (lxiii. 44-57):—

Ita de quiete molli rapida sine rabie
Simul ipse pectore Attis sua facta recoluit,
Liquidaque mente vidit sine queis ubique foret,
Animo restuante rursum reditum ad vada tetulit.
Ibi maria vasta visens lacrumantibus oculis,
Patriam allocuta mœsta est ita voce miseriter.

* *The Attis* of Caius Valerius Catullus. Translated into English Verse, with Dissertations on the Myth of Attis, on the Origin of Tree Worship, and on the Galliambic Metre, by Grant Allen, B.A., formerly Postmaster of Merton College, Oxford. London: David Nutt. 1892.

thing to possess his tomb! Sir Richard made the best of his speed away. Indeed, if his admirers had made their arrangements for his funeral, he felt sure, as Artemus Ward observed, that "the corpse would be ready."

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

THE value of a dramatic opening is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Bertram Mitford's romance of the last Kaffir war. At the very outset the reader of *Tween Snow and Fire* finds his attention set to a keen edge of expectancy, and he must be ill disposed towards the novel of adventure who does not admit that the promise of the stimulating opening of Mr. Mitford's stirring and powerful story is amply fulfilled. The policy of plunging at once into the midst of things is, of course, only justified by the results, and these depend very much upon the skill with which this old expedient of story-tellers is adopted. The incident of the Kaffir herdman pursuing the flying steinbok on foot, with relays of dogs, unconscious of the watchful eye of his furious master, is presented with extraordinary spirit. You are captivated by the sheer force of this picturesque scene. But it serves also as a portent of imminent strife and horrors, and reveals, as one telling flash of the search-light, the tension of the times, the strained relations of Kaffirs and whites, and then by one stroke of art the whole situation is apprehended, and all preliminary notes on "the state of the country" are dispensed with. The advantages of this strong opening of the drama are clearly shown in the development of the story. Tom Carhayes, who would preserve game on the stock-run he occupies, kills the favourite dog of the Kaffir, and wounds Hlangani, the son of one of the Geleka chiefs, and would have promptly killed him but for the intervention of his cousin Eustace Milne, who has the trick of managing the natives. Hlangani dares Carhayes to fire again, and in a wild harangue declares he had better have cut off his right hand than have shed the blood of Hlangani, "for it is better to lose a hand than one's mind." In this covert menace lies the hint of the hideous revenge which the savage ultimately carries out. War breaks out, and to none is the excitement of the fray dearer than to Carhayes. His courage is of the primitive type. He is absolutely reckless and entirely unsuspecting. He never dreams that there is any but cousinly feeling existing between his young and neglected wife Eanswyth and Eustace Milne. Nor do they, until the hour of peril arrives. They agree to separate, however, and the two men go forth to fight together. Despite evil temptations, Milne saves his cousin's life, and is himself miraculously saved from a terrible fate by a certain love-token given him by the unhappy Eanswyth. That a man of the chivalrous nature of Milne should be represented as desirous of the death of Carhayes is a trifle inconsistent, though the thought of it does not burden us as we are carried buoyantly on the exciting flow of incidents in this thrilling story of the Kaffir war. When we arrive at some critical moment and read, "What they saw there was enough to send the blood back to every heart," it is no device of the modern romancer, nor the imagining of a vain thing.

When Constance Temple first met Francis Chichester, she could have known nothing of what it was to marry into *A Mysterious Family*. He found her, "an apparently lifeless woman," on Westminster Bridge, one Christmas Eve in a fog, and carefully "pillowed her head upon his breast." Then they were married, and they proceeded to the ancestral home of the Chichesters, a fine old abbey in Cornwall, where Mr. Chichester the elder lived enveloped in mystery. As she crossed the hall in the twilight Constance observed that the "knights in armour, whose shield was Excalibur," seemed to be moving. No wonder is it that melancholy marks Constance for her own. Unknown to her, old Mr. Chichester keeps his demented wife confined to the abbey, and somewhere in the lower parts of the building a lunatic elder son is allowed to roam. Constance soon sees ghosts. Many a night at yonder ivied casement ere she went to bed the apparition of the elder Mrs. Chichester terribly affrighted her. Yet she was not without society. There was Mr. Lorimer, the great traveller, who had "trode primeval forests and the stones of Venice," and had "studied the denizens of Zanzibar, as well as the Mussulman tribe." He had "shared the tent of the dark Arab." "The lonely dweller upon Thibet had seen him." Mr. Vane, the genial vicar, would comfort her with

pleasant talk. "The literary visit London," he informed her, and "Ho! they cry, here is Chelsea, where dear Carlyle worked and thought; Pump Court and Lincoln's Inn Fields, where good Ben Jonson roamed and wandered; Chancery Lane, where Charles Lamb and his gentle sister lived." By way of cheerful diversion he would take Constance, and her lively young sister Cecily, to the tomb of an interesting Chichester, and cause her to shed the tear of sensibility as he murmured, "Condemn him not, for we know not the wanderings of that stricken soul!" And Cecily, who "did not as a rule care to play the part of ghoul, to light the glow-worm's tiny spark and descend among the tombs," was deeply touched, and sighed "Conny, if I die, lay me, lay me here!" Hard by the abbey was a castle, the seat of Lord Calmady, to see whom was to set you thinking of "fossils, armadilloes, stuffed birds!" The valet is mincing chicken for him as Constance arrives, and Lady Calmady is "frisking around him like an elderly lamb." It is a touching picture. "Lady Calmady does not allow gruel; he must take turtle soup, champagne, Moët, or La Rose." It is as strange a family as that at the abbey, and had owned one, at least, interesting member, who had "laid down his life upon dark Ashantee." Constance delighted in the place, with its Dutch garden and "grotesquely cut shrubs, laurel and osmunda." But Cecily soon tires of the sickening mystery, and finds a home in London, with an old lady who is eagerly expecting the "return" of a son, long languishing in Dartmoor prison, "wearing his galling chain." He proves to be a trifle dismal at first. "Where is Van Diemen's Land, that I might go there? and where the island of Juan Fernandez? Where does the Wandering Jew travel, that I might go with him?" Such was his thought in his solitary cell, as he confesses to the ladies. Then his next idea was suicide. "Oh! that I could eat arsenic, drink strychnine, and cover myself with vitriol." Cecily has but exchanged one mysterious family for another. "Ah, Miss Temple," one of her new artistic friends remarks, "London is neglected by artists. Think how they have painted John Knox's house, the poet's rooms at Stratford-atte-Bowe." And down in Cornwall Constance gazes from the abbey windows at the landscape, and observes the bare trees, like "pythons and weird forms, moving in an access of pain," and is vexed by her husband's awful silence concerning the ghostly lady whom she comes suddenly upon—as upon Isis or Osiris—in her midnight rambles. The horrid sequel of these memoirs of a haunted family must be left to the reader. Let no one conclude from these fugitive remarks and illustrations that *A Mysterious Family* is merely one of the absurdest books ever written. Such it is; no doubt; yet we think it is not without a certain quality of realism, since it mirrors the style of conversation, and the confused notions of art, letters, history, botany, "bio-geology," and so forth, common to a large number of people, who would be mightily offended if any doubt were expressed as to their education. Or it may be taken as a prophetic document, which sets forth the future triumph of our educational system, and the great day when the renown of Mrs. Ramsbottom and Mrs. Malaprop shall be dulled by the almost universal example of the universally, university-extended educated.

Every reader of that very ingenious work of fiction *The Leavenworth Case* will open *Cynthia Wakeham's Money* with something of palpitating expectancy. They will not be wholly disappointed, we think, who enter on the reading of Miss Green's latest story in this natural spirit. Yet we cannot say there is in it a repetition of the skill, the invention, the fertility of exciting plotting, excepting in a fluctuating degree. The story flags now and again, and if you see "the very pulse of the machine," you see also the joints and bearings, and know it is a machine. Wilkie Collins, a past-master in this school of fiction, never contrived to be so purely artificial as the author of this Wakeham case. Ingenious it is beyond a doubt; yet we should be content to incite to the reading of the book without insulting the intelligence of the reader by elaborating a tolerably lengthy count of the author's failings. It is a better piece of work than *A Mysterious Family*, inasmuch as it deals with a mysterious family in a more persuasive and artistic fashion. It is, indeed, a stronger work. But it is not, like "A New Writer's" book, a sign of the times, and a briefer notice, therefore, may satisfy both justice and charity.

Syringa, despite its inchoate presentment as a story, and a style that is sympathetically blurred and slipshod, is able and amusing. Indeed, a worse story and a weaker would be redeemed by so good a character-sketch as William Julian le Normand. This person, a most exalted prig, is drawn with excellent skill, and his fellow-prig, Mooten, is scarcely less cleverly portrayed. These two worthies are thoroughgoing pedants, members of a philosophic society, at whose meetings they have assisted at the

* *Tween Snow and Fire*. A Tale of the Last Kaffir War. By Bertram Mitford. London: Heinemann. 1892.

A Mysterious Family. By a New Writer. London: Allen & Co. *Cynthia Wakeham's Money*. By Anna Katherine Green. London: Putnam's Sons. 1892.

Syringa. By Arthur Nestorien. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

reading of papers on "The In-Woman of Mrs. Browning," "The Vulgarism of Enthusiasm," "Am I I? or what is my I?" and similar congenial themes. Julian, the fairest flower of Neo-Hylozoism, rules the household, of which his sister Syringa and a grandmother are members, with inexhaustible tyranny and insolence. That Syringa suffers much, and is kind, is simply because Syringa is Charity herself and a writer of successful short stories. Mr. Nestorien's story is hardly a successful short story, but it is sufficiently clever and amusing to inspire hopes of fuller accomplishment in the future.

SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE.*

MR. HOLYOAKE has lost—or, to speak less harshly and perhaps more exactly, he has not made the most of—a rare and excellent opportunity. In the case of those Ishmaels of society, politics, and religion who have the luck to survive to a good old age and the merit of having shown their personal probity, there almost invariably comes a time when even the orthodox are leniently disposed to them and when the general public accords them, intelligently or not, a certain prescription of tolerance. They are to a certain extent "extinct Satans"; they are not the nuisances of the hour; they have often learnt a little and forgotten much; and they still oftener have the crowning virtue of being despised and rejected by their analogues of the day. They generally, from the mere fact of their antecedents, have interesting things to tell; and it rests with them to tell these things engagingly. They are not expected to "transact," to cry *Peccavi*; but their old experience is expected to communicate a certain mellowness to the brew they furnish.

Mr. Holyoake is not wholly destitute of the virtues thus expected from an Ishmael of seventy-five. If it interests him to know the fact, he may be informed that we (who have not the slightest fault to find with that imprisonment in Gloucester gaol which seems to have made up to him, for a few months' discomfort, by half a century of somewhat pharisaical self-satisfaction) opened his book with the most pacific feelings towards him. "He is old," said we to ourselves, said we; "he is notoriously honest, if hot-headed; he has never received much of the wages of unrighteousness; he was, at his worst, a rather better fellow than many who came before and many who have come after him. Let there be, as far as possible, reconciliations and forgivenesses of injuries. *Deorum injuriæ* (as, in effect, Mr. Justice Erskine said to him on that by him unforgetten occasion in the very appropriate locality of Gloucester) *Dis cure*."

In this eminently charitable frame of mind we took up Mr. Holyoake's book; we have laid it down in, we trust, one not less charitable, but in one of partial disappointment. There are good and interesting things in the book, to which we shall hope to do justice presently. There is an excessively wholesome moral in it, which we shall endeavour to draw as little tediously as possible later; but there are, also, no inconsiderable faults.

In the first place, the book is very badly put together. A great part of it is avowedly made up of reprinted newspaper articles; and we should imagine that still more is indirectly traceable to the same origin. The result of this is that we have not a regular autobiography, nor even a series of reminiscences possessing such regularity as may pertain to that kind; but a string of monographs on different periods, events, associations, and memories of Mr. Holyoake's life, reduced to no order except that of an exceedingly spasmodic and disjointed chronological succession. The earliest chapters certainly deal with things and persons that were related to the earliest period of the author's life, and the latest in the same manner are concerned with things and persons of his comparatively recent acquaintance; but there is no central thread of autobiography. This, it may be said, is a purely formal fault. We think a good deal of formal faults, which generally either correspond to, or are attempts to cover, faults material; but let that be. A worse fault is the egotism which is almost inseparable from self-made men, but from which, in its particular revelations here, we should have thought that a man who really has played a rather remarkable part in his time might be free. It was Mr. Holyoake, we learn with awe, who actually suggested the sticking of a lime-light on the Clock Tower while the House of Commons sits; and who invented, by favour of Mr. McDermott, the term "Jingo." An immensely long explanation tells us how the late Mr. W. E. Forster behaved, in some way which we do not quite understand, shabbily to Mr. Holyoake on the platform at Micheldever when Garibaldi was travelling to London, and was punished by Mr. Holyoake not speaking to him for many years. After so

heavy a penalty, why drag up the offence? A still fuller apologia tells how in a book, which we are sure very few people remember, and in which, though we remember it, we had never noticed the criminal accusation; Mr. Holyoake was charged with being the obliged of the well-known Mr. Meritt, instead of his obliger. Mr. Holyoake still glories in the name of Secularist, and we remember, with a possibly faulty memory of many years' standing, a grand Secularist hymn which ends

The social system keep in view!

Good night, dear friends, good night!

It would not inspirit us much, personally, to keep the social system in view; but we had rather do it than hug the contemplation of fancied injuries of a personal character ten, twenty, or thirty years after date.

If we did, after the invitation of Mr. Holyoake's friends, keep the social system steadily in view, we are afraid that we could not forgive him what else we have to bring against him. We do not expect him to beat his breast about his religious and political irreconcilableness of old date. But when a man many years afterward reviews his life, we also do not expect him to bring forward such a perfectly idiotic argument as that Secularists think the expressions of Christianity blasphemous; therefore Christians ought not to punish Secularists for blasphemy. To put the fallacy into a form intelligible to Mr. Holyoake, who always speaks like a gentleman about women, an exact parallel *in parvis* is "I think your praises of your beloved false and foolish; and therefore you have no right to kick me if I call her by every injurious name in the dictionary of the vulgar tongue." And though these crude theological fancies generally blind those who hold them to everything else, we are still more surprised that Mr. Holyoake should after so many years calmly tell us how he negotiated the procuring of infernal machines, how he carried them about for the scoundrels who were to use them, and how, not so much out of sympathy with the schemes as out of childish opposition to the authorities, he made a point of spreading tyrannicide literature. Once more to explain our attitude to Mr. Holyoake, let us observe to him that, if in some *émeute* he had been a rioter, and we a soldier, policeman, or special constable, we should have shot or batoned him with all the pleasure in life. But, if the typical tyrant had said to us, "Mr. *Saturday Reviewer*, it would be very convenient to have Holyoake poisoned—will you do it?" we should have said, "No, thank you, Tyrant." Mr. Holyoake and his friends do not seem to perceive this distinction.

As we have said, there are pleasanter things in the book. The account of the early Birmingham days, and of the trades of that busy, but still rather primitive, town is very good. Mr. Holyoake's various references to his wife and his praise of her are very pleasant things indeed, in thorough taste, without gush and with feeling, and nearly as good as such things can be. His numerous sketches of all sorts of persons, major and minor, during the last sixty years, usually have some piquancy, and, though constantly marred (as are the Birmingham passages) by the crude blind hatred of employers and Tories and other fiends, seldom lack edification. Especially useful is he for notices of the middle and lower class of agitator, social, religious, and political, whose names often crop up with very little information about them in other books, and whom he judges generally, despite his huge pair of blinkers, with acuteness, and seldom, despite that odd egotism of another kind which has been noticed, without generosity. Although anecdote is not Mr. Holyoake's strong point, there is a fair sprinkling of it about the book, and it must be counted to the author that, despite his narrow and numbing prejudices, he can see and love a man. He breaks out into hardly grudging sympathy with the Duke's characteristic behaviour to a deputation in the early part of the Reform agitation, headed by that very odd person Place, the Radical economist tailor. The Duke heard them out and answered them, "I suppose you men know that I am responsible for public order in this country. I intend to keep it. You can go." They were going, glad of no worse thing (for they had apparently made up their minds that hanging, quartering, and gibbeting before the iron-shutters of Apsley House were on the cards). Suddenly the Duke cried, "Come back." Then they thought it was all over with them. But he said, "You seem to be men who have heads on your shoulders. Take care you keep them there." Mr. Holyoake says justly, "there was a rough sort of compliment in the Duke's imperious command characteristic of him." It is equally characteristic of Place that the latter subsequently devised (as Mr. Holyoake records with pride) the placards "To stop the Duke: Go for Gold," which were intended to cause, and did cause, to some extent, a run on the Bank of England. To Mr. Holyoake's curiously constituted mind this, like the infernal machines, apparently seems fair politics.

Nevertheless, little as is the peace that there would be if he,

* *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*. By George Jacob Holyoake. 2 vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

and such as he, had their way, we can say "Peace be with Mr. Holyoake." For he has given us a book in part amusing, and a moral wholly instructive. That moral is, that no devotion to a creed or a system, no "soulless acquiescence," as his friends call it, in convention and privilege warps, distorts, and cramps the mind like the crude and peremptory determination to be "agin the Government" in everything; the childish resolve which Mr. Holyoake avows more than once, almost in so many words, to do something simply because authority says "Thou shalt not," or general opinion says "This is not decent." "When the Government prosecutions ceased the tyrannical literature ceased also," says Mr. Holyoake proudly. Does it not seem that one hears a little naughty boy saying "As long as yer says I mustn't, I'll do it! I'll do it; I'll do it! just for to show yer I dare!"

On this kind of senseless and mischievous irreconcilableness, it would appear, has a man who possesses considerable ability, and in the direction of co-operation and other things has actually done not a little public service, a man of generous instincts, too, on the whole, and unusually free from the corruption and from some kinds of the self-seeking which mark the usual democrat and demagogue, spent a great part of the energies of a long life. And in this spirit it would appear that, to a great extent, he still continues. After all, he has been the principal sufferer. Once more, *Deorum injuria Dis curat*; but, with the usual divine irony of the course of things, Mr. Holyoake seems to have taken particular pains to help the gods to their own revenge.

OUT OF THE GROOVE.*

OUT OF THE GROOVE gives capital pictures of life in Queensland thirty years ago. The promise of the land had scarcely been realized; the city of Brisbane was a congregation of zinc-roofed shanties, and though the settlers on Darling Downs were already beginning to make fortunes, the subtropical territories stretching away to the Gulf of Carpentaria had scarcely been explored. Business was transacted in grog-shops, which were dignified by the name of hotels; the frequent differences of opinion were referred to the fists, for we are told that the pistol and bowie-knife were seldom brought into play. We fancy from the graphic realism of the scenes and the vivid delineations of character that Mr. Kennedy must have drawn on his personal recollections. His hero, the sturdy Bob Briton, who goes out to seek his fortunes, gets mixed up in all kinds of experiences and adventures. With another "new chum," as green as himself, he goes up country and proceeds to get lost in the trackless Bush. He is saved rather by good luck than by good judgment, but there is a dramatic description of the sufferings of his unfortunate companion, who had nearly perished by thirst after prolonged agonies, and never recovered the full use of his reason. Then Bob takes service with the colonial police, when apparently his chief occupation was rolling over the Aborigines like rabbits. He does not take kindly to that sort of covert-shooting, though there was this to be said for the policy of extermination, that the blacks very naturally were aggressive and were practically irreclaimable. Had they been willing to work for fair wages, there would have been no question of confiscating the freedom of South Sea Islanders. Yet Bush warfare had its risks; but there were scarcely less serious dangers to be run in towns like Brisbane. Bob, in a natural impulse of chivalry, gets into a rough-and-tumble scrimmage at a tavern, and is only saved from a banded gang of ruffians by the interposition of a friendly prize-fighter. Moreover, his purse was imperilled as well as his person. He is casually invited to a quiet lunch by a smooth-spoken travelling companion, where he is introduced by his host to another agreeable gentleman, who, as a speculator in "wild cat" mines, is eager to let him in for some excellent things. But Bob, although stronger in the arms than the brain, has skinned his eyes and cut his wisdom-teeth, and he is not to be had on any terms. Years afterwards, as a good-hearted muscular Christian, he has his opportunity of heaping coals of fire on the head of his enemy. The baffled swindler dies in his arms in the Bush, and there is a touching account of that sylvan death-scene, when Bob not unsuccessfully tries his hand at consoling the despairing sinner—though we may remark, by the way, that it was unnecessary and inartistic in Mr. Kennedy to parade his heterodox views as a Theist. Then Bob and a new pal take to horse-breeding in a great natural paddock formed by a peninsula stretching away into the death-trap of Torres Straits. Nor was it for nothing that the novelist makes him turn horse-breeder; for he has the chance in an eminently thrilling situation

of saving from sudden and terrible death the young beauty he ultimately marries. But Mr. Kennedy sustains and varies the interest from the first page to the last, and his *Out of the Groove*, which is really out of the groove and unconventional, may fairly take rank with the best Australian stories of "Rolfe Boldrewood."

PRIOR'S POEMS.*

WERE there two Matthew Priors? And, if so, which was the real one? The problem is by no means easy to answer. The ordinary reader—if, indeed, in the tablets of his memory, he has any records on the subject—generally remembers the author of *Alma* by circumstances mainly to his discredit. As, for example, that he wrote one tedious didactic poem and half a dozen dirty ones (which he bound up together); or that he was a dexterous and not over-conscientious diplomatist; or that he was ashamed of his humble origin; or that, in his private life, he was sadly addicted to sack and indiscriminate amours with Indies known to their familiars as Bessy, and Nanny, and Flanders Jane. So surely does the evil that men do, live after them. And yet, to look at the distinguished and ambassadorial personage in the magnificent two-peaked periwig, whose picture by Belle is to be seen at St. John's College, Cambridge, in the same room with that of his patron, Lord Jersey, of whom even M. Hyacinthe Rigaud has not contrived to make a more dignified gentleman, it is impossible not to believe that there must have been another and a loftier Matthew Prior. This, surely, was the Prior who made that splendidly audacious answer to Louis XIV. about his master's victories; this, too, was the Prior of the "Child of Quality," and *Alma*, and the parody on Boileau; it was this Prior who wrote, in "The Old Gentry," that famous quatrain of which the democratic note must have been far stranger than that it would be to-day:—

KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plow;
When this shall be in story told,
Add, That my kindred do so now.

It was this Prior, again, who was the dear friend of Lord and Lady Harley—the friend of whom their daughter wrote that he was "beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal"; and it is this Prior of whom we would know more. Probably the true solution of the question lies in that theory of the dual life which explains so many of the eighteenth-century characters; but until the French archives have been explored for yet unpublished correspondence, and Longleat has yielded up those Augustan treasures of which we have been scantily informed by the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, no man can say with certainty whether the Prior of fact was better or worse than the Prior of tradition.

Meanwhile, in Mr. R. B. Johnson's revised issue of the Pickering Aldine of 1833, edited by the Rev. John Mitford, we have at least a fuller and more authoritative collection of his verses than we have hitherto possessed. In the new prefatory Memoir Mr. Johnson has availed himself of the latest information, which he has supplemented from the valuable autographs of Messrs. Morrison, Saxe Wyndham, and others. He has also (wisely, we think) reprinted the youthful, and much-overrated, *Hind and Panther* travesty; and he has included in his Appendix, and copiously annotated, those other early poems, which Prior so strenuously disowned, but as certainly wrote—the *Satyr on the Modern Translators of Ovid's Epistles*, and the *Satyr on the Poets*. About the *Song in Prison*, contributed by Moser to the *European Magazine* for 1803, there may perchance be doubts. But at least it is *ben trovato*.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.†

MANY readers of Selden's *Table Talk* must have felt that in several places the talk did not run quite smoothly. Probably few took the trouble to note how many of such places there were, or to consider the chances of the text being really corrupt, and of emendation being practicable. We confess that, for our part, Mr. Reynolds fairly surprised us by his demonstration of the amount of actual textual editing that the book stood in need of. Singer had already made one or two manifestly

* *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior*. A new edition, revised, with Memoir, by Reginald Brimley Johnson. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1892.

† *The Table Talk of John Selden*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Samuel Harvey Reynolds. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

* *Out of the Groove: a Romance of Australian Life*. By G. B. Kennedy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

right conjectures, but nothing more had been done. Mr. Arber's neat little volume was what it professed to be, a reprint and not a critical edition. Mr. Reynolds has found a good deal left for him to do, and he has done it skilfully and piously. The Oxford University Press has brought out the book in a shapely garb, as it well deserves; our only regret is that it is rather too dear for the majority of students. For we do not regard Selden's *Table Talk* as a mere ornament of the library. It is a book to be known, we would even say to be well known, by every one who makes any study of the political controversies of the Civil War and Commonwealth period, or of English political philosophy. Selden's writings were works of special erudition, and he could not become, like Hobbes and Locke, a classic in the literature of politics. But none the less he was in fact among the fathers of that school of political thought which remodelled the English constitution in the following generations, and was dominant until the time of Burke, or rather until the world had had time to understand him. Both the acuteness and the limitations of eighteenth-century philosophy are anticipated in his utterances. In this particular book we get Selden's political mind in its everyday dress. After all allowance for shortcomings or misunderstandings of the reporter, we cannot doubt that the report is in the main faithful. It is well, therefore, that the present editor has taken up the work of freeing it from the mechanical blemishes that have so long defaced its letter.

The latter part of the seventeenth century was not an age of careful printing or editing. Some of the law reports of that time attained the bad eminence of being positively forbidden to be quoted in Court. A posthumous publication of matter taken down from Selden's ordinary talk and never seen by him in print or writing might be expected not to be altogether accurate. In fact the inaccuracies are serious enough to make nonsense or impossible English of a considerable number of passages. A simple change of punctuation is, in some of these places, enough to restore the true sense. Thus under the heading *Bible*, Selden is made in all former editions to say: "There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French English." The words "for the purpose" are unintelligible in this connexion. Mr. Reynolds, by putting them after and not before the full stop, restores them to their proper contemporary meaning of introducing an example or illustration. Under *Devils* Selden says of exorcists: "They make the devil fly out at a window in the likeness of a bat or a rat. . . Why in the likeness of a bat or a rat or some creature that is? Why not in some shape we paint him in, with claws and horns?" So Mr. Reynolds, following the Harleian MSS. The editions put the stop after "creature" and make "that is" introduce the following sentence, which, though it does make sense, is clumsy and obscure. Mr. Reynolds has not only collated the MSS. in doubtful places, but has made the best of the two Harleian MSS. the basis of his edition, as if the work had never been printed before. His diligence has been rewarded by some readings which it might have seemed rash to restore by conjecture, but which, when vouched for by the MS., are seen to be the genuine ones. We have been content to suppose that Selden said (*s.v. Learning*): "Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up"; where "duly" seemed to mean "in an ordinary routine," with a suggestion of "unintelligently." But what Selden really said was "dully," which turns a rather crabbed phrase into a clear and pointed one. These matters may look trifling to some readers, but no true scholar will deem them so. Whatever is worth reading at all is worth reading as the author wrote or spoke it, or as near thereto as criticism can safely get. And all experience of this kind is profitable, beyond its immediate result, for the guidance of conjecture in other like cases where authority fails us. We strongly suspect that our existing text of Shakespeare has been corrupted, to a greater extent than is yet known, at the hands not only of the printers, but of early players anxious to make an easier sense of passages, perhaps already corrupted by a careless transcriber of their parts, which they did not understand. Such corruptions are by far the least hopeful for the critic, as their nature is to destroy the traces of the genuine original. But we are not aware that editors of Shakespeare have ever specially looked for them, and we need not despair of search being more or less rewarded. Authentic evidence of the kind of corruption that actually took place, between copyist and printer, in a not specially difficult prose book like this of Selden's, can afford us only general analogy; but suggestive analogies are often helpful in stimulating insight and forming critical tact.

Selden, at any rate, has got his own again. We now know that he laid down the true constitutional doctrine of the estates of the realm, in a passage *s.v. King of England* which is con-

fused in former editions by the omission of several words. The genuine text reads: "The king is not one of the three estates, as some would have it [take heed of that], for then if two agree, the third is involved; but he is king of the three estates." A less high but more difficult question was cut rather than solved by Selden when he was asked what constituted a city. He could or would only answer that a city is a town incorporated by the name of *civitas*. Dr. Murray has not been able to arrive at anything more certain in the Oxford English Dictionary. No one was better aware than Selden of the dangers of *a priori* generalizing. His remark that "Kings are all individuals, this or that king; there is no species of kings," goes to the root of many fallacies both monarchical and anti-monarchical. Under the head of *Law* some standing puzzles are disposed of quite as thoroughly as by any modern philosopher, and more neatly. "A man may plead not guilty and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself. . . Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him." A more curious literary anticipation may be found under *Predestination*. "Doctor Prideaux in his lectures several days used arguments to prove predestination; at last tells his auditory they are damned if they do not believe it; doing herein just as schoolboys; when one of them has got an apple, or something the rest have a mind to, they use all the arguments they can to get some of it from him [I gave you some th' other day: you shall have some with me another time]; when they cannot prevail, they tell him he is a jackanapes, a rogue, and a rascal." We seem to have here at least a germ of Lord Peter's immortal discourse concerning the mutton in the *Tale of a Tub*. Whether Swift had this passage in mind or not, it tempts one, as do many others, to think that Selden was born half a century too soon. On the other hand, Selden's anecdote (*s.v. Devils*) of the person of quality whom he delivered from two devils in his head by an amulet made of a cord "lapt handsomely up in a piece of tafata" recalls a similar cure wrought by Montaigne on a friend suffering from a common mediæval form of enchantment.

If we may not quite call Selden an eighteenth-century man born before his due time, at least he gives us an interesting link between his generation and the next. His written style is of his own time, or if anything a little behind it. His unlaboured speech carries us on to the time of the Revolution and beyond. He is neither a Royalist nor a Commonwealthman, neither a Laudian nor a Puritan, but a Whig and an Erastian. He did not aim at grasping all things in heaven and earth, but his ideas are always firm and clear within their range. Occasionally he excels in putting a distinction. What modern psychologist could better this, for example? "Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think, Affection is a thing wherein I only look after the pleasing of myself."

Mr. Reynolds's explanatory notes are concise and almost always to the point. Some of them show by the "inartificial" character, in the legal sense, of their wording, that he is not a lawyer, and conference with a lawyer might perhaps have improved them, but we have not marked any positive errors in this kind. Selden's Anglicizing of *Corpus Juris* as "the body of law" (*s.v. Minister dicine*, no. 5, "to be a civil lawyer, let a man read Justinian, and the body of law") might have been pointed out; and *s.v. Libels* a note on the contemporary meaning of that word would not be amiss; Mr. Reynolds of course knows that "libels" were for Selden no more necessarily actionable than "ballads," but it is rash to presume on the knowledge of even educated readers nowadays. In the rather obscure passage *s.v. Year*, about the lengthening of the days after the winter solstice, we conceive that Selden is speaking of the course of the sun in the ecliptic and not of the diurnal revolution. Mr. Reynolds has in the main deserved so well of Selden that we desire these passing notes hardly to be taken as criticism, but rather as suggestions for a future issue.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND DIARIES.

IV.

IN *Not One of Us* (National Society's Depository) the author of the *Atelier du Lys* has again given us one of her charming books, interesting in every point of view, not only in her description of the little village in the Italian Alps—where she lays the scene of her story—the life there, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, but in the people themselves whose story she tells, and whose characters, sayings, and doings are evidently real, and are brought before us in the vivid, interesting way we know so well in this author's books. There are also, as usual, many good

lessons to be learnt, especially from the "Not One of Us," who is a Dutchwoman planted down amongst a people utterly foreign to her nature and bringing-up, and who by her gentleness and endurance brings her neighbours round to respecting and honouring her, though at first they looked down upon and despised her. The character of the young girl schoolmistress who thinks to ennoble the inhabitants by an education superior to what they have been accustomed to, the cheery old grandmother, and the noble unselfish lover are all admirably drawn, and we feel we are parting with friends when we lay down the book.

From the National Society Depository we have also had *Moor and Moss*, by Mary H. Debenham, a story of the Borderland, full of go and stirring incidents. *Lottie Levison* and *The Adventures of Denis*, both by Miss M. Bramston, are capital books of their kind, *Lottie Levison* being a story of humble life, which one cannot read without feeling the better for it; whilst *The Adventures of Denis* is a charming tale of 1745, which would delight any one to read. *St. Dunstan's Fair*, by M. and C. Lee, a very pretty story with some pathetic scenes in it. *Mar, Fritz, and Hob* is a good tale of adventure, by C. R. Coleridge, giving us a glimpse into Bavarian life four hundred years ago; and *Wilfrid Clifford*; or, *the Little Knight again*, by Edith C. Kenyon—which is a continuation of *The Little Knight*, by the same lady—the history of the Clifford family, and of Wilfrid Clifford's endeavour to emulate the knights of old. A most praiseworthy endeavour, put forward in a praiseworthy way.

From A. D. Innes & Co. we have *Shreds and Patches*; or, *Passages from the Lives of the Molyneuxes*, by E. N. Leigh Fry, prettily illustrated by Edith Ellison; and *Paul's Friend*, by Stella Austin, with good illustrations by Sebastian Gates—both very pretty books for children. *A Very Odd Girl*, by Annie E. Armstrong (Blakie & Son), is the story of a girl whose oddness consists in screening her own faults, which are not worth screening, and allowing others to bear the blame and suffer for them.

Robin Redbreast, by Mrs. Molesworth (W. & R. Chambers), is a pretty story for girls. "Robin Redbreast" is the name of a house, where lives an old lady whose friendship and hospitality come upon three children living with a stern and unsympathizing aunt during their father's and mother's absence in India. The old lady proves a godsend to them in many ways, and turns out to be an old and much-loved friend of their mother's. There are many incidents woven in the story which make it attractive to those for whom it has been written. Florence Wilford, in *Nigel Bartram's Ideal* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), puts forward with cleverness the danger of publishing a book anonymously, and the difficulties and deceit into which it may lead authors who want candid criticisms. Luckily it is not often that the anonymous author of a book falls in love with her most adverse critic, and not daring to acknowledge her authorship, does not disenchant him until she has written another. She is her husband Nigel Bartram's ideal, and his ideal was "best defined and described by negatives." He has also a horror of "strong-minded women," and until she confesses she has written the book it "pains him to think that any one so innocent should have read it." However, in the end he comes to know she is "not the mere soft-hearted, clinging little woman of his earlier fancies," and he gets to have great reliance on the "strong, brave, reserved nature," so much grander than his own ideal.

Cicely's Mistake, by A. Eubule Evans (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), points a good moral as to the danger of pride in riches, the downfall of those who indulge in it, and the happiness and contentment that can exist without the riches.

In the second edition of *Royal Children; their Childhood and Schoolroom Hours* (John Hogg), by Julia Luard, we cannot do better than quote and endorse some of the author's own words in her preface:—"This book has been written with the desire of awakening early in children's minds a love for history by detailing as minutely as the original sources will allow the feelings and actions of the characters." *Royal Children* will certainly succeed, "not only in interesting, but also in awakening a stronger sense of the necessity for historical study and a desire to emulate the industry of many of the characters." The footnotes will be specially interesting to those who are curious as to "the original sources from which history and biography are derived." *A Child of the Precinct*, by Sarah Doudney (Hutchinson & Co.), is a book with a good aim, though its characters are not excitingly interesting. *The Girls and I*, by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by L. Leslie-Brooke (Macmillan & Co.), describing itself as a "veracious history," is supposed to be written by a girl of eleven, about the sayings and doings of herself and her four sisters, and the story is prettily told. *No Humdrum Life for Me*, by Mrs. J. Kent Spender (Hutchinson & Co.), is the story of a girl who tries to mould her own life, and who breaks her intention

of leading an active one to her mother, concluding her sentiments on the subject with these words:—"It seems as if I were leading nothing better than the life of a jellyfish here"—the "here" being a country rectory. How she succeeds in her endeavours to throw off a "humdrum life," and what she goes through, we will leave to the reader to find out.

The Clever Miss Jancy, by Margaret Haycraft (Hutchinson & Co.), is a very natural outcome in fiction of certain recent movements as to woman's learning and academic distinction. The book is smart and well written, but falls somewhat short in one important thing, the change in the heroine's character from the selfish and self-conceited pedant to the loving and unselfish girl. This, indeed, reminds us of what a distinguished actor once said to a novice in illustration of the transition of character. The actor took up two ties from the dressing-table and said, "Look here, this is a tie that you tie yourself, and this is a made-up tie; you mustn't change from one to the other in a harlequin's leap, you must have gradations." Now it is just these gradations that we find missing in *Miss Jancy*.

Illustrations of Indian Field Sports (Archibald Constable & Co.) recalls to us, although we were born later than 1807, delightful memories of childhood. Looking both at the letterpress and at the excellent illustrations with their vividness and their charming old-world air, we are disposed to wonder if children of the present day are better served by all the new processes and fads than the children of that day were by this enchanting little book.

A Book of Cheerful Cats and other Animated Animals, by J. G. Francis (T. Fisher Unwin), is full of fun and originality, and quite calculated to "cheer our minds when they're depressed."

To turn to some books for much younger children, Mrs. Molesworth's *The Man with the Pan Pipes* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), with other stories, illustrated by J. Morgan; *Baby John*, by the author of "Laddie" (W. & R. Chambers); *The Pet Pony* and *The Mischievous Monkey*, both by the author of "Trottie's Story Book"; *Our Dog Prin*, by Mary Hooper; *Little Neddie's Menagerie*, by Mrs. R. Lee (Griffith, Farran, Okeken, & Welsh), will all amuse and delight them.

As for fairy stories, *Household Tales and Fairy Stories*, a collection of the most popular favourites, with three hundred and eighty illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., J. D. Watson, Harrison Weir, and other artists, and with six coloured plates (George Routledge & Sons), is a delightful book outside and inside. *Chronicles of Faeryland*, by Fergus Hume, illustrated by M. Dunlop (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is justly described as "Fantastic Tales for Old and Young," for it will delight both old and young, and is far beyond the usual standard of modern fairy tales. The illustrations are very clever.

Where is Fairyland? Stories of Everywhere and Nowhere, by Joseph F. Charles (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), is good of its kind, and *The Favourite Book of Nursery Tales*, with seventy-two full-page coloured pictures (T. Nelson & Sons), will bring much delight to very young children.

Leena's Tales for Children, by Mrs. Quincey Lane, very well illustrated by Charles L. Pott (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a book full of pretty imagination that will give children something to think about, and it does what it professes, opens out to them some of the mysteries of nature and gives them a love of the beautiful.

Two Movable Toy-books by Lothar Meggendorfer (Grevel & Co.), "All Alive" and "From Far and Near," will be endless delight to the babies, real and grown-up. Lambs are made to skip, the ducks and geese to flap about, a happy family to move according to their different habits, a parrot to swing, a blacksmith to work, washerwomen to wash, and a poodle to sit up and nod in the most delightful way, and each by the simple method of pulling up and down a piece of cardboard.

"From Toy-land" and the "A B C Nursery Rhymes," by Alf. F. Johnson (Warne & Co.), are capital picture books.

We have received from John Walker & Co. (Warwick Lane, E.C.) some of their delightful Diaries. Of the larger size, perhaps No. 4, bound in dark red russia leather; No. 7, a long, rather narrow one, bound in strong leather, which also contains stamp, card, and note-case, are the most attractive; whilst a small-sized waistcoat-pocket Diary (No. 1) in the same series will be particularly useful. They all have cedar-wood pencils that can write on any paper attached at the back.

Charles Letts has some extremely useful Diaries. His "Improved Office Diary and Note-book," one day in each page, cloth-lettered, quarto (171); his *Popular Shilling Diary*, interleaved with blotting-paper, a week on each page (No. 67 B); his narrow-shaped *Scribbling Diary* and *Memorandum-book* (No. 103); his thin *Pocket Diary*, bound in limp leatherette (No. 7); his "Gem" Diary, in "Six Handy Volumes," with a tiny leather case to hold each volume, are each excellent in its way. And a *Blotting Pad*

Diary will be found most useful for a business writing-table; it "provides space for a month's notes at a glance, is always protected from dust and dirt, and can be referred to constantly by merely lifting the front of the pad." The blotting-paper can always be renewed, it is kept in its place by an elastic band, and tucked into the leather corners of the pad.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.*

THE author of these recollections was a man of no common order. As the teacher who was a pioneer in that system of national art education which has spread over all the kingdom; as one of the decorators of the South Kensington Museum; as designer and painter of the extensive series of wall-paintings at Wallington Hall and Penkill Castle; as the connoisseur whose collection of engravings is still remembered; as the writer of the *Life of Albert Dürer* and a book on *The Little Masters of Germany*; and last, not least, as a poet who from childhood to old age found in verse a natural vent for thought and feeling, both of which were singularly personal and sincere, William Bell Scott has many claims to consideration upon his own account. Yet, although he was a man of varied gifts and decided character, his reputation was always confined to a somewhat narrow circle, and these volumes will be sought for what they have to tell of others rather than for the details of his own history. No two characters could be much more dissimilar than those of Leigh Hunt and William Bell Scott; but in some respects they were alike, both interesting as gifted and self-directed men, but yet more interesting from their intimate association with others greater than themselves.

It is pleasant to think that these two men met and were friends somewhere about 1837, when Leigh Hunt was living at Chelsea. Leigh Hunt was then over fifty and Scott under thirty—one, in fact, about double the age of the other. The book contains a pleasant record of their short acquaintance in an etching by Scott, in which we see Hunt in dressing-gown and slippers, with a vase of primroses at his elbow, talking to Scott, George Henry Lewes, and his own son Vincent. He was always charming, says Scott, whose account of him is charming also, and has no touch of that *amari aliquid* with which he too often savours his reminiscences of old acquaintances. One result of their intercourse was the publication of Scott's poem of "Rosabell" in the *Monthly Repository*—a poem which suggested Rossetti's famous but never finished picture of "Found," and also, according to Scott, his poem of "Jenny."

But Scott had long before this come into contact (though very slight contact) with a greater man than Leigh Hunt; he had submitted a poem or poems of his to the great Sir Walter, who seems to have received him with geniality and—got rid of him as soon as possible. He also submitted his early verses to the mighty Christopher North, who seems to have taken more interest in them. At the house of the Rev. J. Thomson (of Duddingston) he met the great artist, Turner. When he came up to town he appears to have obtained introductions to the then leading artists, the best of whom Scott thought was Poole, whom he describes characteristically as "a man with a strain of the savage in his blood, and a good hater, with other qualities allied to genius." He had the horoscope of himself and his intended wife drawn by John Varley. He entered the competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and has something to say of Haydon and Eastlake, of poor Richard Dadd and John Leech, and a dozen more notable men. Nearly the whole of the first volume is occupied by what may be called Scott's pre-Pre-Raphaelite period—i.e. from his birth to 1848, when he first made the acquaintance of the P.R.B. Unfortunately he has not much to say that is worth saying, and says many things which had better have been left unsaid.

On the other hand, with regard to himself and those he specially loved, his brother David (that melancholy, one-sided genius), W. A. Shand, and Thomas Sibson, two men of evident promise who died young, his record is full and interesting enough. Scott was no doubt a remarkable boy. Brought up in that strict, ungenial home, of which we have already had a glimpse in his memorials of his brother, his young mind was soon set to work upon itself, and he developed early a habit of introspection which helped to turn him into the "somniaulist" and "ruminant" (as he calls himself) of his later life. When quite a boy, besides some other remarkable writings of a mystic kind, he produced a

poem on an Angel who searched even heaven in vain for God. Such profane agnosticism was scarcely capable of further development, but it remained unchanged through life, in strange company with a most constant and deep sense of the supernatural. The world by which he was surrounded thus became a series of phenomena, without even a hypothetical beginning or an imaginable goal, in the watching of which a man could have no reasonable concern beyond amusing himself in a subdued and reverent way at the strange combinations and developments produced by the unseen force men call God, working with an evident but unintelligible purpose upon men and things.

Such an attitude of mind, if interesting and remarkable in a boy, does not tend to make the record of a long life inspiring, and by the end of the first volume many readers will have had almost enough of the nebulous philosophy to which it gave rise, and will be ready to welcome the appearance on the scene of men whose views of life were more ardent and whose natures were less lymphatic. The pages which relate to his new acquaintances (the P. R. B. and their friends) are full of interest, especially those which record the long, warm, and friendly intercourse between himself and Rossetti. It is no doubt probable that many of their details will be questioned, and that Scott's opinions and comments will not pass without challenge from more quarters than one; but there can be no doubt of the sincerity or value of the records, which contain some minor poems and several letters by Rossetti himself, to which there yet clings an imperishable charm, as if still warm with the rich nature and strong with the intellectual force of the writer. Of the additions made by Scott to what may be called "the Rossetti-legend," perhaps the most extraordinary is the account of the effect on his abnormally sensitive mind of the now more than ever notorious articles on "The Fleshly School." We know not what discretion was allowed to the editor of these "Notes," but surely here (as in many other places) the scissors should have been used. Another sad but less painful story may be told in Scott's words. The incident occurred at Penkill in 1868 or 1869:—

"Mounting the ascending road towards Barr, we observed a small bird, a chaffinch, exactly in our path. We advanced, it did not fly, but remained quite still, continuing so till he stooped down and lifted it. He held it in his hand; it manifested no alarm. "What is the meaning of this?" I heard him say to himself, and I observed his hand was shaking with emotion. "Oh," I said, "put the pretty creature down. It is strange, certainly; it must be very young, perhaps a tame one escaped from a cage." "Nonsense!" was his reply, still speaking *sotto voce*, "you are always against me, Scott. I can tell you what it is, it is my wife—the spirit of my wife, the soul of her—has taken this shape; something is going to happen to me." To this I had nothing to reply; but when we reached home in silence, by a chance which often takes place in life—incidents of similar kinds falling together—Miss Boyd hailed us with the news that the housemaid had had a surprise—the house-bell, which takes a strong pull to ring it, had been rung, and rung by nobody! Rossetti inquired when this had taken place, and, finding it must have been just about the time when we met the bird, he turned his curiously ferocious look upon me, asking what I thought now."

We cannot see why this incident indicates the subversion of reason itself, as Scott says. That the soul of his wife should have entered the body of a bird, and come to warn him, may appear absurd to people who do not know and appreciate Malvolio, and that there should be any connexion between a chaffinch and a door-bell may appear more absurd still; but many more obviously absurd things have been believed by persons of whose sanity no one ever entertains a suspicion. Mrs. Rossetti was dead, and Rossetti was alive; but otherwise there is little more contrary to experience in this story than in another to the truth of which Scott himself and Miss Boyd (to say nothing of a stranger who was present on the first occasion) would doubtless have been ready to swear to—namely, that Rossetti's own well-known voice was daily heard reciting his poems in a room at Penkill long after he had left that place for London.

These and other memories, amusing anecdotes of Carlyle and other persons, and some very interesting letters from Mr. Holman Hunt, give much animation and permanent value to the latter half of this autobiography, which contains also some illustrations, including portraits of Swinburne and Rossetti, of little artistic value indeed, but vivid and vigorous. Notwithstanding, however, the variety of amusement and suggestion which these volumes supply, it is impossible to be satisfied with them as a whole. Their tendency, with a few exceptions, is not to dignify the persons of whom they treat, and there is no one whom they belittle more than the author himself.

* *Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, H.R.S.A., LL.D., and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882.* Edited by W. Minto. Illustrated by Etchings by Himself and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Fortunately there are many persons still living who can correct and add to this portrait of Scott as drawn by his own hand. Despite Mr. Swinburne's recent denunciation of Scott and all his works, there is no doubt that throughout Scott's life he was regarded with great esteem and affection by Mr. Swinburne himself and a large circle of acquaintance, including many men and women of high character and distinguished gifts. Unless Mr. Swinburne reserves exactitude for prose, the splendid praise of the memorial verses which appeared in the *Athenæum* after Scott's death, and were printed with his permission at the end of the second volume, cannot be regarded as mere sentimental rhetoric. White does not become black because Scott thought that Swinburne rode a long-tailed pony, or even because he treats great men like Turner and Mr. Ruskin in a regrettable manner. Scott's sympathies were no doubt imperfect, but they were very warm when they were quickened; he was a loyal and generous friend, kind to old and young, open-minded and high-souled, of unquestionable honour and sincerity. Both his verses and his pictures were deficient in technical dexterity and in sense of form; but they were both prompted by a genuine and personal impulse, both inspired by poetical feeling and elevated thought. Too independent to follow, and not strong enough to lead, he remained somewhat isolated and passive in the midst of more active energies. Such men are apt to think themselves centres of movement, and to over-estimate their influence on their fellows. They are patient in waiting for that recognition which they think the years will bring surely, if slowly; and when it does not come, or coming fails to reach the level of anticipation, then disappointment comes instead, and retrospection not seldom tinged with bitterness. This was probably the case with Scott, and at all events it is a great pity that he reserved the task of rewriting the notes of his life till his ambition was over, his young enthusiasms chilled, and his memory and perhaps his sensitiveness towards others dulled somewhat by old age.

But if such changes (common to humanity) affected his view of the past, they scarcely touched his outlook on the present. To the end this was cheerful and kindly. He wrote verses as fresh and spontaneous as ever, he read with interest and generous appreciation the new productions of others; he still wrote those charming letters to his friends, without some selection from which no biography could do him justice. In short, both heart and mind were alive and alert to the last, sustained, in spite of great bodily suffering, by his patience and courage and the devoted companionship of the greatest friend of his life, Miss Boyd of Penkill.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILY OF MINET.*

THE founder of the Camberwell Free Library has printed for private circulation an account of the family to which he belongs, and the volume is one to give satisfaction to the lover of books as books. It is a handsome quarto, clearly printed on paper that yields pleasure alike to sight and touch; the margins are ample without being obtrusively suggestive of waste, the portraits and other illustrations are appropriate and excellent in execution, and the binding has a severe richness that seems symbolical of the history it incloses. We have only noticed one misprint; in the last word on p. 24 an *f* has been taken for a long *s*. "Saith" is in this connexion meaningless; the word should be "faith." Nor are the contents unworthy of the casket. The Minet family have not produced any men of conspicuous genius or position, but their annals show with what kind of blood the Huguenot refugees enriched the English middle class.

There stands in the Place d'Armes of Calais a building still known as the "Maison du Chat," from a stone effigy which surmounts the highest peak of the building, and represents a cat looking down upon the life of the street with that philosophical spirit which the cat, at its best, has in all ages displayed. Tradition, with its unhappy desire to account for things, asserts that during the famine at the siege of 1347 the site of the house was sold for a cat destined for those culinary uses, from which its congeners do not always escape even when there is no pressure of famine to drive the cook to despair for want of the materials of his art. Whether the house gave its name to the family or the family to the house may be left undetermined, but in the seventeenth century the stone cat was a rebus for the name of the owners whose patronymic was Minet, a French equivalent for "Puss." There lived a prosperous Protestant

citizen, Ambroise Minet, and his wife Susanne de Haffregue, and there, between 1648-69, his ten children were born. He died before that act of religious bigotry and political stupidity, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was perpetrated, but his widow and some of his descendants were exposed to its evil effects. Isaac—who, though a younger son, was by force of character the virtual head of the family—escaped to England, where he prospered in business, and was both able and willing to help sundry relations who had been less lucky. The fortunes of the family are traced to the present century, and elaborate tables are given of the descents and alliances. The letters and other documents printed by Mr. Minet have been so judiciously arranged that the varied characteristics of different members of the family are brought out sometimes in amusing fashion. Thus Hughes, a grandson of Isaac, had a passion for scribbling autobiographical fragments in books and on the backs of engravings, and confides to these unsealed receptacles many derogatory remarks on his relations and connexions. He was no great admirer of Milton, and, though he allowed that the *Paradise Lost* showed "transcendent ability," yet he doubted "which of the two is the most execrable and admirable, Milton's profaneness or his absurdity." Mr. J. L. Minet evinces great interest in the "air balloon," which in 1784 was a novelty. In the same year he had the good fortune, as we should now esteem it, to see Siddons; but he is not enthusiastic—"cannot say she answered my expectations, but that I suppose because I am no judge of the matter." The reason assigned is probably as true as it is modest. Whilst one Minet served in the army, and died a lieutenant-general, another was a studious and painstaking country parson, and others have shown their interest in research by membership of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, the family has in the main been contented with the important, though inconspicuous, duties that belong to the commercial middle class.

Apart from its value, which is considerable, as family history, the book contains, in the "Relation" of Isaac Minet, a graphic contribution to the understanding of the methods by which, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the French clergy hoped to convert their Protestant fellow-citizens. Mgr. de Breteuil, the Bishop of Boulogne, was exceedingly anxious for "Nos frères toujours égarés et comme perdus dans l'affreuse solitude de l'erreur," and as soon as the Revocation was signed he caused the destruction of the Huguenot temple at Grulnes where the Minets worshipped. The Bishop himself baptized in the Catholic Church the child of Jonas Duriez and Marie Cassel, "faisans profession de la Religion Prétendue Réformée." It was not so easy to make Catholics of the adults, but the efforts made for that purpose were not wanting in strength and directness. The corpse of a woman who had died without receiving the Roman sacrament was first carried to prison, and then fastened by the feet to horses, and dragged through the streets, whilst the mob stoned the dead heretic. The body was finally "staked" at a crossway. Guards were placed at the gates of the town to prevent escape of the Protestants, who had begun to emigrate. Guards were also placed at each house. Isaac Minet, having made his guard drunk, escaped, and with his mother was hidden by friends. An arrangement to leave the town was devised; but, whilst Isaac got away, his mother was unable to reach the appointed place, having been recognized and conveyed to prison. Isaac's hiding-place was also found. "I buried myself in hay, and heard a great noise below, and at last they came up and said 'trust y' swards in y' hay, its noe matter if ye kill y' heretick' I layd wist till they moved: some hay and found me." In prison he was told that if he did not "sign" to be a Roman Catholic he would be burnt. There were 140 prisoners who were kept for thirty-nine days in a foul and noisome place; they could with difficulty obtain victuals, and were "very often solicited by ye priests and threatened by the intendent very rudely as if we had been dogs." This combination of sacred and profane persuasion had its effect, and they were taken by the dragoons to church, and whilst protesting that it was against their consciences *did* abjure the reformed religion. They were then permitted to go to their home—which had in the meantime been despoiled by the soldiery.

*The manner of being dragooned was thus:—Mr Pillart a merchant had 8 men & horses at discretion in garrison at his house for about a month who were soe kind as to suffer him & his wife to take rest, but by reason of their being to essey they were discharged 20 foot soldiers putt in their place who being told y' they should be relived in 24 heures soon gott drunk & abused their Land Lord & Lady who were old persons, did not suffer them to sleep, sent for y' fiders, forced them to dance, sold all y' they found in y' house, & spoiled all ye goods, ye lady made her escape out of ye garet window & gott to a neighbours house who out of compassion conceald her, ye man was struk on his side by one of ye souldiers & layd as dead & a surgeon being sent for he

* Some Account of the Huguenot Family of Minet from their coming out of France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes MDCLXXVI. Founded on Isaac Minet's "Relation of our Family." By William Minet, M.A., F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. London: Spottiswoode & Co.

was lett blod & recoverd, one need noe more than consider w^a a sober person is exposed to when he is left at ye discretion of 20 drunken souldiers, s^a Mr Pillart being tyred & not being able to suport any longer the cruell usage of the souldiers he submitted to make his abjuration which was in feby 1686 ab^t 8 at night. I was desired by m^r Adrien Lernoult mercht at Calais (neveu to s^a mr pilart) to go with him to s^a mr pilart's house & I did go in order to prevent ye souldiers caring goods away, but being there we found nothing worth carrying away for every thing was soe broken & cutt & destroyed y^t it was a lamentable sight, in a room up stairs was spread 5 or 6 bedds & blankett in such a dirty condition as if beastes had layen there. That is ye methode y^t was made use of by ye popish church to make converts to their religion by w^{ch} meanes they could show the abjuration of many hundred thousand persons under their hands.

Theological controversy has still an unpleasant side, but we may at least hope that the method so graphically described by Isaac Minet has become obsolete.

TWO BOOKS OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THERE is something fascinating in a new science, and we are taken with Mr. Horace Martin, who proclaims himself a castorologist. His volume contains such an extraordinary amount of miscellaneous information about beavers and their history that we are perhaps unreasonably provoked with him for not solving a difficulty which has long troubled us. When Spenser, in the *Faery Queen*, makes Guyon address the gracious Alma, he tells us that

The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
That her became, as polished ivory
What cunning craftsman hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion or pure castory.

We have always wanted to know what colour "castory" was, and now that in the process of time we meet with a real, live castorologist, behold he throws no light on the question, for which omission let

His beavered brow a birchen garland wear.

We are bound to admit that there seems no other matter connected with his subject upon which Mr. Martin is unable to supply some sort of information. He treats the beaver from every point of view, but is not always quite exact. He is not very strong in folk-lore, and to say that "the Greeks called the animal castor from *gastro*, the stomach," seems rather wild. We are tempted, like Sydney Smith, to ask whose. Surely *καστωρ* was merely an attempt to write phonetically in Greek character the Indian or Malay name of the animal, just as *fiber* was the Latin equivalent of the Gaelic *beabhar* or *befr*, from which our *beaver* is also derived. Mr. Martin says the Latin name was "*fibre*, corrupted from *fibrum*, signifying that the animal dwelt on the banks of the rivers," but we do not follow him. He is on safer ground when he discusses the chemico-medical properties attributed to the beaver, and analyses a rare and curious treatise on *Castorologia* published at Augsburg in 1685. He proceeds to deal with the importance of the beaver in trade, the history of tallies and tokens, the decline of the usefulness of the animal, the supplanting of beaver felt by modern and cheaper substitutes. He has an amusing chapter on hats. In short, he supplies a great deal of information, and displays a considerable acquaintance with his subject. It is a pity, however, that he should not have arranged his material more carefully, and his accuracy as a transmitter of facts is by no means above suspicion. It would, however, be ungracious not to admit that his volume gives us a fuller mass of notes about the beaver than is to be found in any previous treatise.

The rather unpleasant subject of Mr. Cooke's little volume is the fungi which are found as parasites on the bodies of insects. The "vegetable wasp" proper, which gives its name to the class, *Cordyceps sphecocephala*, is a pallid fungus, with a tough, tall stem sprouting from the abdomen of the insect, and terminating in a club-shaped head. When this strange form was first observed, by a Spanish naturalist in 1754, it led to a good deal of romantic speculation. It is now understood to be a kind of exaggerated dry rot, which first kills the wasp by drying up its body, and then expands until its root occupies the whole cavity of the insect's shell. These entomophytes, as they are called, plague a great many species of hymenopterous and other insects, and their study forms a curious little backwater in botany. Butterflies, with a solitary exception, are not known to be affected by them, but

* *Castorologia; or, the History and Traditions of a Canadian Beaver.* By Horace T. Martin. London: Stanford.

Vegetable Wasps and Plant Worms. By M. C. Cooke. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

almost all the hawkmoths appear to be particularly liable to parasitic fungi. The New Zealand "vegetable caterpillar," *Cordyceps Robertsi*, is a very odd freak, the original larva feeding on at its favourite sweet potato with this black plant growing out of it like a horn, until the caterpillar dies, and turns imperceptibly and entirely into a vegetable substance. The varieties of these horrible, lethal fungoid growths, leprous and pulpy and bristling and scaly, remind us of all the dreadful things which invaded the garden in the third fytte of *The Sensitive Plant*. Mr. Cooke seems to have a rare knowledge of the singular department which he has chosen to illustrate, and his plates and cuts are excellent.

ETRUSCAN ROMAN REMAINS IN POPULAR TRADITION.*

EVERY one must do his own work in his own way. Mr. Leland's way is to collect at great pains the remains of popular tradition in La Romagna Toscana, to illustrate it by curious multifarious reading, and then, if we must speak plainly, to "haver" around it. Mr. Leland's industrious research is very praiseworthy; he has read much out-of-the-way lore; his conclusions in the mass are probably correct. But his manner of wandering along in disjointed talk about everything that comes into his head makes his book immensely long and, to our taste, a little tedious. His conclusions are these, and they do not surprise us. In certain parts at least of Italy Christianity has not crushed, but co-exists with, the ancient religion. But that ancient religion is not so much the official classical faith as the belief in spirits of minor kinds, mainly in a sort of capricious and extremely amorous brownies. Almost all the supernatural beings of whom he has found the traces are spirits of the vineyard, the cornfield, the hearth, the graveyard. Almost all are incubi of the sort known to the respectable mother of Guibert de Nogent. A great deal is said about this aspect of their activity, which is little heard of in connexion with Northern brownies and *lutins*. There is also plenty of witchcraft, which has a more or less classical colouring, though in essentials very like all other witchcraft. The more esoteric of these beliefs are dying out; they are chiefly known to the old, and to professional witches, of families in which magic is hereditary. The Italian brownie does the housework, as in England and Scotland; but he is also the paramour of the maids. In one case Mr. Leland knew some one who had seen and spoken to a forest or wood spirit, which was in the guise of an old woman. But the more esoteric spells are little known, carefully guarded, and possibly on the point of extinction. They are known as the Old Religion, and believed in by some who "hae their doots" about the saints. The saints themselves are sometimes older figures of an older faith, in the disguise of the new ecclesiastical name, and are addressed in prayers which are really heathen spells. These phenomena occur all over Europe, among Celts, and modern Greeks especially. The peculiar interest in Mr. Leland's cases is the classical, we may say with him the Etruscan, survival. Everywhere it is plain that "the lesser people of the skies" survive more vigorously than the great official Olympian figures. It is probable that the "folk" of classic times never took very strongly to the high gods, except Dionysus and Demeter. It is even not unlikely that the high gods were only the little gods magnified and adorned by priests, poets, and artists—that they, too, represented a new religion in the eyes of the peasants. In any case their great temples could be destroyed, their public sacrifices put down, their endowments confiscated, just as the Catholic Church was put down in Scotland, while names and popular rites lingered, as in Martinmas and Hallow E'en and Yule. This is the normal course of affairs. In the very home of Etruscan paganism, in remote and uneducated districts, we expect to find exactly what Mr. Leland has discovered.

Another writer, in Mr. Leland's place, would perhaps have begun by a statement as lucid and succinct as possible of Roman and Etruscan religion, especially rural religion. He would then have exhibited his treasure of survivals, spells, incantations, legends, in an orderly manner, with illustrations, such as Mr. Leland gives from vases and metal mirrors. And he would have kept personal anecdotes and remarks on all things in general "out of the memorial." But this reticence is not Mr. Leland's way, and so his book is less valuable to the student of myths and religions, though perhaps more entertaining to some readers. On one point Mr. Leland seems rather sore. His *Algonkin Legends* have been spoken of by some writers on folklore with some show of distrust. For our own part, we are very certain that Mr. Leland reported his stories correctly; but we do

* *Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition.* By C. G. Leland. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

think that several of them had passed through a European medium, perhaps were derived by the Red Man from European sources. There had, we think, been "swopping of stories," and that at no distant date. But that is no fault of Mr. Leland's. In Italy his method, or part of it, was to ask such questions as this:—"Did you ever know such a word as Lar, Lares, or Lare?" No. "Did anything with a similar name haunt churchyards?" No, but there are the *Lassie*, or *Lassi*; and they are "the ghosts of the ancestors of the family." So Mr. Leland concludes that the *Lassi*, are the *Lasa* in the song of the Arval Brothers. However this may be, would it not be better to ask, "Does anything haunt churchyards; if so, what is it called?" The *Lasio* and the *Lassi* occur in the versified part of a story, rather like "The Heir of Lynne." The plan of asking if certain names are familiar is akin to a leading question. However, Mr. Leland himself was not much led, for he did not read Preller's *Romische Mythologie* till after he had made the acquaintance of the *Lassi*, and there he found a story of a Lar and a treasure akin to that which he recovered from tradition. His recoveries of names are numerous, as Tina, Etruscan, a thunder god, Tina, a spirit of thunder and hail, still addressed by the peasantry. Turms (Hermes) Teramo, a spirit of messengers, thieves, statesmen, and a very handsome and amorous being. The Etruscan Aplu (Apollo) retains his old name, a spirit of music, hunting, and learning, prayed to for wits and luck. Feronia is now a spiritual stroller—"when she was dead she became terrible." Silviano is Sylvanus, a mischievous wood-spirit. Pales is Palo, a spirit of the vines. When a light goes suddenly out people say "Esta did it," Esta = Hestia (?) Carmenta still answers to Lucina, or the Bona Dea; this is vouched for by a rhythmical spell or prayer. Fufunus, "the Etruscan Bacchus," is Fufion, a tricky spirit who lives in the vines. The populace know him better as Fardel or Flavo; witches call him Fafion. Mr. Leland prints a hymn to this god, which may, in spirit, be older than the admission of Dionysus among the Olympians. Losna, believed to be a moon goddess, occurs on an Etruscan mirror which Mr. Leland picked up, and he finds her as a spirit of sun and moon, protectress of incest in tradition. The Eskimo *märchen* of sun and moon and their misconduct is familiar.

Dusio, an incubus, survives Dusius; Mr. Leland collected a tale of his recent appearance in a known place and family. We only offer a few of the more striking among his parallels, and leave the special professors of Etruscan and Italian specialists in folk-lore to deal with his facts. The names strike an observer as being almost too little altered in the course of time and in the changes of language. Among his minor spells the most curious is the Italian variant of the English "witch's ladder," an arrangement of feathers and rope, *guirlanda delle streghe*. One of Mr. Leland's witches recognized an object from a Swiss lake-dwelling as an amulet, or magical article, still used in Italy. Mr. Leland's book is one which the folklorist must have; we have ventured to indicate that it might have been more succinct and less garrulous.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE four "notices" which M. Jules Simon's latest volume (1) contains, and which are all of the obituary kind, were delivered at the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. They are devoted to the late MM. Caro, Reybaud, Michel Chevalier, and Fustel de Coulanges. All are written in that masterly, if not always quite masterful, French which is rapidly becoming a dead language, and the secret of which will perish like that of "heather-ale," if somebody does not in time catch M. Simon or M. Boissier, or some other of the rapidly dwindling number of persons who can write it, and set him teaching others. All display M. Simon's independence of mind, his political good sense, his sound morality, and his contempt for the empty and frivolous paradoxes and perversities which are eating away the French character at the same time as the French language. But one of them is a little disappointing, even when we remember the audience which M. Simon was addressing, and the point of view which he was obliged to take. Three out of his quartet were persons of great talent who "carried the lamp" well, each in his own course, and handed it on bravely to others. M. Caro wrote well and thought well, and, though his mind was not exactly original, was, no doubt, a little hardly treated by the satire which fixed on his amiable weakness for being a philosopher of the Salons. M. Michel Chevalier was a great economist of a generation which held that its predecessors knew nothing about

economy, and which now, like other "Prêtres de Némé," is paying the penalty by being told by its successors that it was at least equally ignorant. M. Fustel de Coulanges was, perhaps, the most brilliant French member of that neo-historical school which arrives with solemn pomp at generalizations wherein most that is true is practically not new, and most that is new is very doubtfully true. But Reybaud was a man of genius. He wrote, M. Simon tells us, about a hundred volumes on all manner of subjects, whereof his genial censor confesses that fifty are not worth reading at all, and that nearly all the others may be forgotten as soon as read. But of the book, the hundredth, M. Simon speaks in a way which is either for him unwontedly ironic or which seems to us inadequate. He acknowledges the brilliancy of *Jérôme Paturot*, says that *le personnage est bien vivant*, and so forth. But though, or perhaps because, he himself was a contemporary, he thinks that it is not "eternal," that the subject is *loin de nous*, that Louis-Philippe and the National Guard are not now amusing. Perhaps this is Socratic; but we certainly think it is mistaken. No doubt *Jérôme Paturot* is, as M. Simon says, not the equal of *Don Quixote* or of *Gil Blas*. But it is of their company; it is the representative, *sub specie aternitatis*, of a certain phase of everlasting humanity, and it will live. It will, like everything else, be neglected, returned to, neglected again, and so forth. But, if we have any skill of criticism, its place is booked; there is no fear of its being left out of the Library of the Land of Matters Unforgot.

The fact of the popularity of M. Figuiet's *Lendemain de la mort* (2) is not likely to be contested by any one, though there might be less unanimity as to its nature and value. He himself argues that it must have been a good and great book, because it was attacked both by the orthodox and by the materialists. This kind of argument is an old friend, but it is exposed to the trifling inconvenience that either of two contradictory conclusions fits the premiss equally well. The present book—which has a frontispiece representing a little winged boy of astonishing plumpness, clasped in the middle by a sentimental, but not very pretty, nursemaid in nightgown-sleeves, and a skirt of clouds—tells the old tale in a new way. *Les bonheurs d'outre-tombe* are exhibited by the indirect process of pointing out that this side of the tomb things are often very uncomfortable; that several distinguished people have died quite quietly; that *bouillabaisse* (of the supply of which in "outre-tombe" M. Figuiet adduces no valid proof) is excellent; that it is also excellent to be *certueux* (poor, dear old eighteenth-century drum, art thou to be beaten again?); that we shall, perhaps, be able to finish the books which we can't complete *ici-bas*. There are some Dialogues of the Dead which are not so amusing as Fontenelle's, not nearly so amusing as Lucian's. It is important apparently to the *bonheur d'outre-tombe* to be certain that it was a Frenchman who first applied steam to navigation, and that the doctrines of *Le lendemain de la mort* are a great improvement on *la légende Chrétienne*.

The stories in M. Corbin's *Vertige* (3) are above the average, though we think two of them might have been made better than they are. The first deals with a murder—or, strictly speaking, with what is not murder by either French or English law, the deliberate abstention from preventing a man from unintentionally killing himself. The sort of *peine du talion* which follows, and the retribution even of that, are imagined with some power; but the tale is rather clogged with unnecessary detail. So also is the second, *Le Professeur Joseph Saxinus*, which unfortunate and learned person plays the least part in it; but it also has merits. *Marion*, the third, much shorter than either, has no room for padding, and tells vigorously how a rustic lover regained, by an evasively risky expedient, the favour of his mistress. He threw himself in front of a train, and she pulled him off the line, being then sure that he loved her better than her suitor of higher degree. Risky, we think, very risky; requires too many qualifications of mind and body in the young person. *Le roman d'un sous-lieutenant* (4) is a very fair novel of an ordinary type—old noblesse, gambling, American heiress, and bowers of bliss. *The Poet's Mystery* (5), translated from Signor Fogazzaro, is a largely sentimental monologue in the first person.

(2) *Les bonheurs d'outre-tombe*. Par Louis Figuiet. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(3) *Vertige*. Par Ch. Corbin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Le roman d'un sous-lieutenant*. Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Le mystère du poète*. Par A. Fogazzaro. Paris: Perrin.

(1) *Notices et portraits*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IRISH IDYLLS, by Jane Barlow (Hodder & Stoughton), comprises sketches of life in one of the poorer districts of Ireland, a land with a thin soil and abundant stones—so abundant that they trip up the husbandman as “he stumps between his struggling potato-drills, and grin maliciously at him through the sparse, stunted tangle of his storm-tossed oats,” and wherever he may look “he can read, written large, an answer to his demand for bread.” The scene of these Irish idylls is about as grim and unlovely as could be conceived. It serves as an effective setting to the sketches of the inhabitants and the simple record of their lives, in which the author shows such power and observation as entitle her to rank among nature’s sternest painters, yet the best. The studies of character in “A Windfall,” “A Wet Day,” “Herself,” “Got the Better of,” and “Between Two Lady-Days” are excellently drawn. In the first of these idyllic sketches the widow M’Gurk is a delightful character, and reappears, to the reader’s content, in most of the succeeding idylls. Her windfall consists of a remittance of fifteen shillings from the United States, which produces a prodigious sensation among her neighbours, who all wish her good luck “wid her distributed fortune.” Old Mrs. Kilfoyle, who is not less admirably portrayed, gives her good advice. “If I was in your coat, Mrs. M’Gurk,” she said, “I’ve a great notion I’d be gettin’ meself three or four stone, or maybe half a barrel, of male-oaten male, I mane, ma’am, not the yella Injin trash that’s fitter for pigs than human cratures—God forgive me for sayin’ so.” But Mrs. M’Gurk, although of the same mind, lays out her money in purchases of all the good things her poorer friends desire, and distributes her distributed fortune among them. Even the children are not forgotten, and a carnival of joy is celebrated in the district. And when the subject of the meal is discussed, “Male is it?” she exclaims. “Sure was it breaking me own back or the girl’s I’d be carrying a load of male that far?” The good creature pretends she didn’t care for the meal, and declares “a good hot pitaty’s a dale tastier any day.” In the other sketches we have other examples of the cheery temper, the healthy social instincts and general self-denial of the Irish peasant, together with illustrations of humour and generosity that agreeably lighten the darker background of the pictures.

Mr. Walter Crane’s collected essays and addresses—*The Claims of Decorative Art* (Lawrence & Bullen)—deal with art and society, the training of artists, and other subjects, and are altogether extremely discursive in range, though the point of view is ever the same. Mr. Crane takes the Socialistic standpoint, and he does battle with the bugbear “Commercialism.” There is no other incubus than “Commercialism in Art.” When Mr. Crane treats of art and the training of artists as an artist merely, and without the horrid spectre of “Commercialism” before him, he has much to say that commands our sympathy. We cannot but agree with him that it is a mistake to train students “from first to last solely with the pictorial view,” and that it is a most injurious blunder “to cultivate the imitative powers and neglect the inventive powers.” But Mr. Crane’s politico-social arguments in “Art and Social Democracy,” which are inconclusive in themselves, do not tend to practical reform of academical methods.

Mr. Henry S. Salt’s essay, *Animals’ Rights* (Bell & Sons), treats of a subject that teems with difficulty with a determination to miss no possible aspect of study which is decidedly commendable. There is no shirking or hesitancy in Mr. Salt’s very far-reaching consideration of man’s duties towards animals, domesticated and wild, and the so-called “principle of animals’ rights.” We do not think it is possible to set forth the difficulties that attend the definition of that principle or the nature of the rights of animals more clearly than Mr. Salt has done in this very interesting little book. Mr. Salt, to do him justice, is as fully sensible of the obstacles to a practical realization of his ideal of man’s relations to animals as any of his opponents may be. We want, he remarks, a comprehensive principle which will cover all the varying instances of “human inhumanity” given in the chapters headed “Murderous Millinery,” “Experimental Torture,” “Amateur Brutality,” “The Care of Wild Animals,” and so forth. But, when he comes to shaping this principle definitely, he does not avoid, as he owns, a “perilous vagueness” of language (p. 106), for then he is confronted with the practical difficulties of the subject.

Finn and His Companions, by Standish O’Grady (Fisher Unwin), is a charming addition to the “Children’s Library.” This series of Ossianic tales is in all ways excellent. Many of the stories are now Englished for the first time, and all are admirably typical of the heroic age of Finn and Ossian, Diarmid and Caelta, and the inspiring legends in which they figure. The stories are most effectively told, and in a style admirably adapted to arouse and interest all imaginative persons, whether children or older folk.

Mr. Robert Richardson’s *Willow and Wattle* (Edinburgh: Grant) is a volume of verse reprinted from various periodicals. It contains not a few lyrics that reveal decidedly pleasing and individual impulse and expression. The ballades, in particular, are delightfully free from the merely perfunctory character and the evidence of labour that too frequently belong to examples of this metrical form. “A Ballade of Wattle-Blossom,” for example, has the charm of freshness, and is a strain of natural singing, not an exercise in verse.

Writ in imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists is *The Tragic Circle*, by William Mathie Beith (Digby, Long, & Co.), and anything more remote from the writer’s ideal than this “play in three acts”—save, perhaps, in the way of burlesque—could scarcely be conceived.

Mysticism of an impenetrable kind is the chief characteristic of *The Lifting of the Veil; and other Poems*, by C. Branco (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). It is a mysticism more baffling than that of the late Mr. Heraud; for although we must assume the veil is lifted after we have mastered an obscure “Council of the Seraphs,” there still remains nothing but the murky inane. In some of the shorter pieces in rhymed lyrical measure, the poet’s voice is clearer and stronger, as when he is denouncing certain “Barbarians”:—

A moonlight cauterwaul,
So some have termed
The seeking higher
Things in poetry.

We would applaud the poet who seeks “higher things” for the sake of the search, yet would urge the advantage of clear presentment of the objects sought for. And this is what the present bard does not effect.

This Wicked World (Hutchinson & Co.) is a volume of essays by the late J. Hain Friswell. They deal with, or rather touch upon, many themes of human interest in an easy colloquial style, and are fluent and light, as moral discourses seldom are.

A Woman without a Head (Hutchinson & Co.) is by the late Mrs. Mackarness, the author of a popular story with the alluring title *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*. We fear there is nothing at all engaging about the present story. The young men and maidens with whose fortunes it is concerned are exceedingly uninteresting, and mostly extremely silly, people. In short, the story is unquestionably dull and tedious.

In Messrs. Macmillan & Co.’s “Golden Treasury” series we have new editions of Mr. Andrew Lang’s prose translation of *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*, and Mr. F. T. Palgrave’s *Children’s Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*.

Palaeontology (*A Catalogue of British Jurassic Gasteropoda*). By W. H. Hudleston, M.A., F.R.S., P.G.S., and Edward Wilson, F.G.S. London: Dulau & Co. 1892) has now become so wide a subject that, as the authors observe, even to make a catalogue requires a more varied knowledge than any one man can be expected to possess. In the present volume they have restricted themselves to a single class of the Mollusca, and to a limited range, giving references to the geological distribution of the species and the localities in which these have been found. The authors recognize in the Jurassic beds of Britain, including the Rhetic, 1,015 species of Gasteropoda, and have drawn up lists of other species which they either reject or regard as of doubtful occurrence. They have executed a very laborious task so as to deserve the gratitude of geologists, which, it is to be feared, will be their only reward.

From Mr. Murray we have received a handy abbreviated edition in one volume of the *Life and Letters of Darwin*, edited by Francis Darwin. It includes the autobiography and a selection of the correspondence.

We have also received Mr. Leslie Stephen’s *Hours in a Library*, new edition, Vols. II. and III. (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *Japan and its Art*, by Marcus B. Huish, new edition (Fine Art Society); *The Scenery of the Heavens*, by J. E. Gore, second edition (Sutton & Co.); *Lyrics from the Hills*, by C. Armstrong Fox, cheaper edition (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Modern Views of Electricity*, by Oliver J. Dodge, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *The Units of Exchange and a Free Currency*, by G. T. Carruthers, M.A. (Stanford); *Verses of Love and Life*, by R. E. Irroy (Reeves & Turner); *Farm Produce Realization*, by D. Tallerman, second edition (Simpkin & Co.); *Mediterranean Winter Resorts*, by E. A. Reynolds Ball, second edition (Stanford); *Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens*, translated by E. Poste, M.A., second edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Essays of Montaigne*, translated by Charles Cotton, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, new and revised edition, three volumes (Bell & Sons); *Wordsworth’s Poetical Works*, edited by E. Dowden, Vol. I. “Aldine edition” (Bell & Sons); *The Dawn of History*, by C. F. Keary, enlarged edition (Innes & Co.)

Amethyst, by C. R. Coleridge, new edition (Innes & Co.); *Mr. Witt's Widow*, by Anthony Hope, new edition (Innes & Co.); *Ida's Mistake*, by V. G. F. (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *The Art of Practical Whist*, by Major-General Drayson, new edition (Routledge).

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